THE TIMES

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

T·L·S

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T·L·S

THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

FRIDAY • 27 OCTOBER 1972 • No 3686 • 12p

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Real selves and social selves

EL TRILLING:
ity and Authenticity
Oxford University Press. £3.

ow and then it is possible to serve the moral life in process revising itself, perhaps by reing the emphasis it formerly ced on one or another of its ments, perhaps by inventing adding to itself a new element, e mode of conduct or of feelwhich hitherto it had not ended as essential to virtue.

ous is the opening sentence of Lionel Trilling's Harvard ctures, *Sincerity and Authenand it is easy to recogin it a constant preoccupaof his writing. It has been his al mission to observe those ents when culture turns over in ap and adopts a new posture, study the works in which versions of attitude become nt. It is a concern that attaches naturally to the Arnoldian of criticism, something more the reassessment of established n, or the scrutiny of new addito the canon; a critical ideal spires to survey the tendency direction of a whole culture, aces at a turning-point in the but always with an eye to the ses and actualities of the

time when so much criticism t itself in fiddle-faddle or ays the gravity and dignity of purpose stand out with welcome . If anything is to vindicate ambitious claims that literary ism was accustomed to make for some years ago it must be some ch as this. Professor Trilling, Matthew Arnold before him, has been immune to the more dangers of such a pro-. He has never been tempted gnant diagnoses or patent-ise remedies. Yet there are dangers, and to these he is pre-the most discerning practitionwho are most exposed. For a unprotected by obtuseness or ssness it is possible to react positively to the signs of the to respond too readily to immepressures. This sometimes happ with Arnold; his vivacities at expense of the Rev William or of the British College of s in the New Road, though still fatal amateurs of the nine-century, were directed at ditary targets; and in our world of global convulsions enthusiasm and seriousness of ticism seem after all to have focused on a very English colsis—crisis as felt by the son Arnold of Rugby. Its configuraould hardly have been acknowby his contemporaries Marx Baudelaire. And it is so in some sense: Trilling's earlier work; ural crisis of the twentieth ry is projected from the viewpoint of a professor of modern literaat Columbia University—not recognizable in the same pro- from Western Europe, even somewhat ambiguous Euro- the English.

attacks of cultural malaise each other with such rapidity century that they breed in the a dumb resistance. Professor Trilling's mind seems by nature to move more slowly than the kaleidoscope of circumstance, and he is obliged to search out the unobserved constants among its changing images. It is notable that the themes of *Sincerity and Authenticity* are still in large part the same as those of his earlier book *Beyond Culture* (1965). The same texts and the same authors occupy the same prominent positions in a new light. The position of America in world esteem has radically altered, and old half-conscious assumptions are no longer possible. The earlier, rather surprising, concurrence in Clark Kerr's vision of the super-university as the natural home of creative effort has now disappeared—for obvious reasons, one supposes. The more patent and immediate symptoms of *das Unbehagen in der Kultur* are still indeed observed, but they are placed in a much longer historical perspective and treated with more firmness. English writing on matters of this kind tends to high-table mumble or the chatter of NW1, American to the New York or Californian apocalyptic style.

Professor Trilling has always written with too much delicacy and scrupulousness to fall into any of those modes; and he has now found a manner of presentation that quite transcends local deformations. It is always a problem for the writer of cultural criticism to address his special audience and at the same time to make his observations properly available *urbi, et orbi*. *Sincerity and Authenticity* is a beautifully written book, its tone admirably judged and perfectly sustained.



Rameau's nephew: the frontispiece of the original edition of 1821.

The discussion moves within wide historical limits. It is not easy to say with any precision when sincerity first makes its appearance as a new element in the moral life. We cannot, Professor Trilling remarks, reasonably ask whether the patriarch Abraham, or Achilles, or Beowulf, was sincere; but we can ask this question about the young Werther or Marianne Dashwood. It is when society begins to be conceived as an entity set over against the individual that the question of sincerity becomes a matter of concern. It begins, that is to say, with a period of increased social mobility, when the individual is no longer simply fixed in a predetermined and unarguable state, but becomes aware of himself as a mobile unit in a system that can to some degree be viewed objectively. In England this means the end of the sixteenth century, and Professor Trilling cites in evidence the number of villains in Elizabethan and Jacobean tragedy who are dissemblers—unwilling to be what they are, pretending to be something else, in order to become something else again. Even when a measure of social fluidity is seen as natural or desirable the actual process of moving from one status to another is always fraught with danger and attended by moral suspicion. The ideal is what seventeenth-century France called the *honnête homme*, and what Hegel later (though probably not quoting this phrase) was to call "the honest soul"—the man who can be what he is, show himself to others as he is, and regard the authorities and institutions of his society with equanimity and respect.

A key place in Professor Trilling's argument is occupied by Diderot's *Le Neveu de Rameau*, with its contrast between Diderot-*Moi*, as the honest soul, and Rameau the nephew, the failed man of talent, the outcast from the system, a fawner, a flatterer, a conscious hypocrite; the man with no assured centre of personality. Such a man is precluded from sincerity since he has to be all things to all men; and the brilliant picture of his hopelessly fragmented character reaches its climax in the scene where, in a frenzy of motility, the nephew enacts a whole opera in his own person, playing all the parts, imitating all the instruments, becomes a hurricane, a cataract, the night itself. This is the character, fundamentally untrue to himself because there is no self to be true to, that is referred to by Hegel in the *Phenomenology*, and becomes his prime example of what he calls Spirit alienated from itself, or the disintegrated consciousness. It is Hegel's commentary as much as the original *nouvelle* that takes the central place in Professor Trilling's discussion. The honest soul for Hegel is "noble", the disintegrated consciousness is "base". The honest soul can conceive and aspire to possess a moral and social resting-place. Its vision of the good life is honour, peace, order and beauty; a vision seen equally as the goal in Shakespeare's last plays and the novels of Jane Austen.

It is a defect in the culture of Anglo-Saxons that very few of them carry the whole argument of *The*

Phenomenology of Spirit in their heads; and Professor Trilling does well to remind us (if we knew it we are apt to forget) that Hegel comes down decisively against the "noble" consciousness and in favour of the "base". He rules wholly in favour of the nephew, wholly against Diderot-*Mot*. The honest soul is rejected by Hegel because it is defined and limited by its "noble" relation to the external power of society; the "base" is saluted because it represents the effort of Spirit to resist the conditions imposed upon it by the "noble" echos. Once this revulsion has acquired a foothold, sincerity as an ideal is on the defensive. It is defended by Rousseau in his argument against role-playing in the *Lettre à M d'Alembert sur les Spectacles*. It lives on in England in the novel; and Professor Trilling at this point sensitively extends his earlier discussions of Jane Austen—that uncompromising defender of the "noble" consciousness who is yet aware of the dialectic between its acknowledged superiority and the forces that are continually threatening to disrupt it.

"From this time on England has always been apt to linger in an earlier historical phase than the rest of Europe, and we might remark (though Professor Trilling does not) the contrast between the English and the French novel throughout the nineteenth century—between *David Copperfield*, say, and *L'Education sentimentale*: the one leading to an "honest" reconciliation between the self and the world, the other showing that any such reconciliation is impossible. By now we are approaching the age of Nietzsche, and already foreseeing the age of Freud.

As the ideal of sincerity, the honest soul and the noble consciousness becomes progressively more difficult to entertain the second of Professor Trilling's new moral elements makes its appearance. This is the rival ideal of authenticity—a notion that depends radically on the recognition of a divided consciousness. Beneath the surface of functioning social life and the accepted relations of man to man lurks a rival system of forces, destructive and uncontrolled. The exemplary text here is Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*, with its hero Kurtz, the possessor of every civilized accomplishment, the flue flower of European cultural idealism, betrayed by the depths of his own nature to bestial savagery; and cruelty and an end of pure horror. The succeeding discussion does not take us into the computerized wasteland where even Mr Kurtz is dead. The presiding geniuses of the latter part of the book are Nietzsche and Freud, and the subject under examination is the state of our own cultural imagination. It is indeed this process of self-examination that the whole discussion has been leading up to; and that is its strength.

The Apollonian and the Dionysian principles in Nietzsche are historically conditioned foreshadowings of the Ego and the Id in Freud, and the daunting requirement of authenticity is that these obscure forces shall be brought back from banishment and recognized as part of our lives. Needless to say, Professor Trilling does not fall into the vulgar error of regarding Nietzsche and Freud as mere champions of Dionysus and the Id. He knows very well that the argument of *The Birth of Tragedy* is weighted as much in favour of Apollo as of Dionysus, that the argument of Freud is for the assumption of the Id into the manageable daylight of the Ego. But he knows equally well that this is not the way they have been read. The contemporary reader sees Dionysus as the almost unadjusted protagonist of *The Birth of Tragedy*, and Apollo as a rather tiresome ancillary. Freud is commonly thought to authorize the unbinding of exactly those forces that it was his purpose to control.

Here, as in *Beyond Culture*, we find Professor Trilling asking himself in some bewilderment what strange imperative it is that drives the modern imagination to this blatant misinterpretation of two of its patron saints. He gives a partial answer in the present book. Sincerity in the old sense is not possible to the characteristic aesthetic attitudes of the modern imagination,

> whose masters took the position that, in relation to their work and their audience, they were not persons or selves, they were artists by which they meant that they were exactly not, in the phrase with which Wordsworth began his definition of the poet, men speaking to men.

Not men speaking to men, through the nexus of custom and institution by which men commonly speak to one another. The modern artist is the possessor of an impersonal shamanistic power, the transmitter of a message that comes from beyond the bounds of rational consciousness.

Here it is appropriate to desert Professor Trilling's argument and speak of the quality of his own writing. It is wide, fastidious and deeply thoughtful in its range of reference. Temperate, controlled and delicately scrupulous, it is a tribute if ever there was one to the "honest" consciousness. Yet these qualities exist in a state of acute tension because the care that is brought to anchorage in the present cultural scene. The art that has spoken most powerfully to Professor Trilling is the classic literature of our century, from which the "honest soul" has been banished as a pitiable and inauthentic survivor. Its songs have had one theme—"Things fall apart, the centre cannot hold"; "Uber diese Lieder lacht der Bitterer beleidigt, der Heilige und Seher hört sie mit Tränen." Well, Professor Trilling does not assume the role of saint or seer, and he does not show us his tears; but his writing in this latest phase puts an unwonted poignancy from the sharp divergence between the natural tendencies of his mind and the tendencies of the living culture to which he has responded most deeply. At earlier dates he seemed to entertain the possibility of some actual resting-place for the spirit—the university perhaps or some corner of the civilization of his own country. These refuges never looked very plausible, and now, it appears, he looks to them no more: he has become a lonelier writer and a stronger one.

If this is so, it is not surprising that he should pay much attention to Freud's *Civilization and its Discontents*. He notes the movement away from the Freudian position in recent years. There is Sartre's argument that we are conscious of our unconscious all the time, and that it is mere "bad faith" to place the unconscious beyond the bounds of responsibility, as though it were not part of ourselves. Professor Trilling points out that this objection has been partly anticipated by Freud himself; and for the rest it is largely a matter of terminology. We have only to posit the antithesis in other terms—two consciousnesses, both ours, but the one inaccessible to the other by introspection. The bad faith disappears and the problem remains the same. As he has done before, Professor Trilling examines the Freudian arguments with some minuteness, and in Freud's last communications he finds a kind of sombre nobility. The self-division of consciousness is not a twentieth-century disease curable by alterations in the social system: it is inherent in man's development that he turn part of his energies against himself in punitive guilt. More forbearing and gentle in its manner than most of Freud's earlier pronouncements, that is his last message. And Professor Trilling asks why Freud brought his intellectual life to its climax with this dark doctrine. He proposes an answer—that Freud, for whom religion was an illusion, needs a surrogate for the hardness, the acceptance of suffering, that runs through the Jewish and Christian traditions.

The last pages of *Sincerity and Authenticity* deal with some post-Freudian nostrums. Marcuse sets out expressly to deny the contentions of *Civilization and its Discontents* in the name of social hope, but with a startling internal contradiction—for he remains signally dissatisfied with the relaxation of character engendered by his own libertarian principles. Last there are the writers—R. D. Laing, David Cooper and Norman O. Brown are cited—who find in total alienation, the literal alienation of insanity, a guide through the modern labyrinth. This is a turbid area, and anything like a *prise de position* on such matters would fall short of both sincerity and authenticity.

But there is a line to be drawn, and finally Professor Trilling draws it. The exaltation of insanity as a means to the profoundest authenticity derives perhaps from an unjustified inflation of the doctrine of this anti-psychiatric school of psychiatrists; but it has been encouraged by their ill-controlled vaticinations and the frantic incoherence of their style. Professor Brown's [illegible] worth much powder and [illegible] perhaps he serves the same [illegible] as the Rev William Cowper [illegible] fessor Trilling displays a [illegible] passage from David Cooper [illegible] those well-chosen citations [illegible] not require destructive criticism [illegible] destroys itself. He offers a [illegible] salute to Laing, and finds [illegible] of cogency in the view that [illegible] an antinomian reversal of [illegible] cepted values.

But he follows it with a [illegible] impressive rebuke:

> Who that has spoken, [illegible] speak, with a psychotic friend [illegible] consent to betray the reality [illegible] of his bewilderment and [illegible] by making it the part[illegible] liberation from the [illegible] falsehoods of an abhorred reality.
>
> Who will consent to [illegible] the appalling belief that [illegible] existence is made authentic [illegible] possession of a power, or [illegible] persuasion of its possession [illegible] is not to be qualified or [illegible] by the coordinate existence [illegible] fellow man?

In short, he finds the [illegible] these counsellors, whatever [illegible] to it our present state [illegible] deeply tainted with cant. [illegible] a severity that is both rare [illegible] writing and greatly to be [illegible] he says so.

The chameleon publisher

TIM CHILCOTT:

A Publisher and his Circle

247pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £3.25.

John Taylor, the publisher of Keats (and many notable others), was well worth a full biography. Edmund Blunden's memoir, sketched in 1936, was largely based on one limited source, the Brooke-Taylor papers at Bakewell. Tim Chilcott has spread his net more widely. As well as the much larger Bakewell collection, owned by a descendant of Taylor's brother James, he has ransacked libraries and other sources all over this country and in the United States to provide impressive documentation for a life of this enigmatic man.

For an enigma he was. During ten golden years, he and his partner James Augustus Hessey encouraged and published the work of Keats, Lamb, Hazlitt, Clare, De Quincey, Hood, Coleridge, Reynolds, Landor, Carlyle, Borrow, and Henry Cary, the translator of Dante. Moreover, during half that time, he owned and part-edited one of the liveliest magazines, with the most distinguished lists of contributors, ever to appear, the *London*. Yet the man himself (like the secret of the identity of Junius in his own best book) remains elusive. Though constantly urged to do so, he left no memoir. His memories of the great and brilliant died with him. For nearly the last forty years of his long life, educational publishing and his own pet obsessions—monetary reform, the Bank of Revelation and the Great Pyramid—seem to have satisfied him: "no publisher of poetry now".

How much this was due to his catastrophic nervous breakdown in 1825 is hard to say. There appear always to have been deep contradictions in his nature. Sympathetic beyond measure to the trials of authors, he could also be crassly dilatory about payments and blindly obtuse about certain aspects of their work. It is a sad fact that he earned the wholehearted abuse of several of the talented spirits he sponsored. A lifelong bachelor, he was reckoned "an old practitioner" about women that friends and relatives frequently sought his aid in their own love affairs. Yet he does not seem to have managed a satisfactory solution with his own equally enigmatic mistress (was she?), "beautiful Mrs Jones", as she was nostalgically remembered by one of the *London* contributors and even in its greatest days publishing firm trembled on the verge of bankruptcy.

A Publisher and his Circle is a book of intensely enlightening detail. For example, that Taylor "made the publication of Endymion his own personal affair" and that the first edition of that poem precisely £2". Yet the whole man does not quite emerge. This is partly due to the nature of the man himself, perhaps also to Tim Chilcott's divided aim. "This is a book about publishing", he announces in the first sentence, and one must question whether that is the best way to begin a biography. Certainly his own reflections on the [illegible] of the relationship between [illegible] and publisher seem the least [illegible] factory parts of this study. On the other hand, his detailed and well-documented examination of Taylor's actual work, such as the publication of Clare's poems, in which he advocates Taylor against much modern criticism of modern editors as unrealistic and valuable. Perhaps John Taylor's true life is in the letters of the authors in whom he inspired such an absorbed interest, or in what he wrote of himself as the client of a poet; we could regard Taylor as a chameleon publisher.

Prewar values in a postwar world

JAMES HEADLAM-MORLEY was a not untypical product of the [illegible] adult generation before 1914, [illegible] predictable career was [illegible] and unexpectedly diverted [illegible] the great upheaval of the First [illegible] War. Recruited into the [illegible] Intelligence Department of [illegible] Foreign Office, he became a [illegible] ssive and important member [illegible] the British delegation to the [illegible] peace conference. *A Memoir [illegible] the Paris Peace Conference* con[illegible] a rather scrappy collection of [illegible] es and diary entries written by [illegible] in Paris in the first six months [illegible] was prefaced by a short memoir [illegible] his life by his daughter, Agnes [illegible]-Morley.

[illegible]adlam-Morley (né Headlam) [illegible] born in 1863 into a family of [illegible]dmen and classical scholars. [illegible] and Cambridge (first class in [illegible] parts of the classical tripos) [illegible] followed by a period of re[illegible] in Germany. Here he en[illegible]ured two sisters, distinguished [illegible]dmans who in their childhood [illegible] had piano lessons from an aged [illegible]. The elder already had a circle [illegible] English friends and admirers. [illegible]dam fell in love with the young[illegible], after winning a fellowship [illegible], married her in 1892. From [illegible] marriage he derived a lifelong [illegible]dge of German language and [illegible]ture. His wife never learnt to [illegible] fluent English, and remained [illegible]mpenitent German nationalist—[illegible]nt, however, in this respect in[illegible]cing her husband in the [illegible]ews degree.

[illegible]e promising classical career was [illegible]tally overlaid by wider inter[illegible] Headlam's first book on *Elec*[illegible] by *Lots at Athens* was followed [illegible] a life of Bismarck in the once [illegible] "Heroes of the Nations". [illegible] His first concern with edu[illegible] seems to have been a report [illegible]ons for the Bryce Commission on [illegible]ndary Education, about second[illegible]ducation in Germany. He be[illegible]me of the first Inspectors of [illegible]ols on the establishment of [illegible]rvice in 1902. On the outbreak [illegible] he was transferred to the [illegible]constituted Propaganda De[illegible]ent and from there through [illegible]ntermediate stages to the [illegible] Office.

[illegible]s Headlam's anomalous status [illegible]accounted for his unique and [illegible]role at the peace conference. [illegible]Political Intelligence Depart[illegible]had never been wholeheartedly [illegible]ed by the traditional Foreign [illegible]departments; he housed too [illegible]eccentric intellectuals. When [illegible]ed in Paris, it was not even [illegible] that he would be listed as a [illegible]er of the Foreign Office dele[illegible]ffices and common sense soon [illegible]ted. But what gave him his [illegible] was the almost complete [illegible]down of relations between the [illegible]n Office delegation and the [illegible] Secretariat, which was Lloyd [illegible]'s personal office. Lloyd [illegible] a great mistrust of pro[illegible]al diplomats, which was thoroughly reciprocated. Headlam quickly established close personal relations with Philip Kerr; and for some time this proved the most effective link between the two organizations.

The documents in this volume, while they do not add up to a complete picture, give glimpses of the sections of the peace treaties in which Headlam was active. He was largely concerned in the complicated regulations for the temporary regime in the Saar coal basin, and for the Slesvig plebiscite; and he was almost solely responsible for devising and carrying through the project of a Free City of Danzig when a complete deadlock had occurred on the Polish demand, supported by the Foreign Office and resisted by Lloyd George, for its annexation by Poland. He was the dominant figure in the New States Committee, which drafted the provisions which newly created or recognized states were required to assume for the protection of national minorities, including Jewish minorities, within their borders. He successfully opposed the imposition of the same obligations on Germany, on the ground that it would be invidious and humiliating to expect Germany to assume obligations which would be accepted by no other Great Power.

Something of Headlam's personality—though perhaps hardly enough to fix the attention of a reader who never knew him — comes through in these pages. He was the strongly marked product of a classical education and of the British civil service in its heyday before the First World War. He was considerate, enlightened, rational and commonsensical, averse from every extreme, from every fanaticism, from any emotional indulgence. Everything he wrote has the same high-minded and rather aloof quality. Even the letters in this volume (nothing of a personal nature is included) read like first-rate departmental memoranda. Comparing his diary jottings with those of Harold Nicolson, made at the same time, one sees that he altogether lacked Nicolson's literary flair, and Nicolson's intense interest in putting across what he was doing. A spice of vanity is needed to make a good diarist. Headlam was the most modest and least vain of men.

What does emerge, and constitutes the main attraction of the book, is the standpoint of the generation of liberal intellectuals which flowered before 1914 and enjoyed a brief Indian summer in the 1920s. Headlam, in spite of his German marriage and interest in German civilization, seems to have paid little attention to international relations—who in that generation did? His daughter gives no clue to his attitude before 1914; but one suspects that, unlike Eyre Crowe, who had a German mother as well as a German wife, and who was neither a liberal nor an intellectual, he nourished no deep-seated suspicion of German designs. The war must have come as a great catastrophe, both personal and political.

Faced with this catastrophe, Headlam unconditionally accepted the official thesis of German guilt, but believed that its sources were to be found in the bungling or wickedness of individuals or small groups, which could be revealed by the disclosure and study of the official documents. His outstanding book, *The History of Twelve Days*, published in 1915, was a minute examination, on the basis of every document then available, of the diplomatic exchanges of the twelve days leading up to August 4, 1914. Headlam never belonged to the Union of Democratic Control, and was probably shocked by some of its more extreme manifestations; he did, broadly speaking, share their view that the war was the fault of "the old diplomacy". And, though he never became one of the fanatical devotees of the League of Nations, he believed with them that the solution of the problem of war and peace was the setting up of a better machinery for the ordering of international relations.

Headlam was an able and altogether admirable representative of a powerful group in the life and thought of the period, the ripples of whose influence can still be felt from time to time. Yet the total collapse of the Paris peace settlement in the space of twenty years spelt the bankruptcy of everything they had stood for. One inevitably searches this book for clues to how this happened. Headlam believed that the Germans were, by and large, to blame for the war, that barriers must be erected against the repetition of any such misconduct, but that a vindictive settlement would merely sow the seeds of future trouble. He came to hold the view that some of the clauses imposed on Germany at Versailles were unjustifiable in themselves, and that some contravened the assurances on the strength of which Germany had signed the armistice.

Today the question how far this was true or false, like the question about the rights and wrongs of Danzig or the Saar, seems no longer worth asking. The debate has become irrelevant. This is not really what the war was about. Headlam grew up in an age of optimism; and it would be easy to accuse him and his contemporaries of a strong disposition not to look at things that seemed too bad to be true. But it would be fanciful to censure them for not realizing that what had happened in 1914 was no mere passing accident or disaster, but heralded a breakdown of the civilization in which they lived and moved and had their being, and to which no alternative could have appeared—or even now appears—conceivable. The very magnitude of the events struck contemporaries with blindness.

Yet one can in this book trace some of the blind spots. For Headlam the whole issue in 1919 was really one between Britain and Germany—after all the making of peace with Germany was what the conference was primarily for. France was sometimes troublesome, but peripheral; time would moderate its more extreme pretensions. The United States hovered in the background in the enigmatic figure of President Wilson, sometimes embarrassing but on the whole reassuring. The smaller powers would fall into line once the German question was settled. Asia and Africa were places on the map. The "colonial question" in the 1920s was the question whether Germany should or should not get back its colonies.

The enormous gap was Russia. The Russian Revolution of course presented a problem for a select band of experts. But it did not impinge at all on Headlam's view of the peace settlement, except that it rendered decisions about the eastern frontiers of Poland or about the Baltic states difficult and provisional. (Neglect of things Russian extends to the editors of the book: Sazonov appears variously as Zazanov, Zazonov and Suzanof.) It is more excusable that China's odd refusal to sign the treaty because it endorsed Japanese encroachments on Chinese territory rates only a casual mention; yet this was the starting-point of a movement which thirty years later transformed, and continues to transform, the face of Asia.

Headlam-Morley died, relatively young, in the autumn of 1929, when optimism about the fate of the West was still easy, and before any strong compulsion had arisen to modify views expressed ten years earlier. He lived and flourished in what might now be thought of as an age of illusion. But history is a record of illusions; and this was a noble, if too simple, one deposited by a great civilization. *A Memoir of the Paris Peace Conference* is a tribute to a man and to a generation. But the moment has perhaps not yet come to get these events into their proper perspective; and to read it now inevitably seems like a visit to a tomb bedecked with laurels that have faded.

JAMES HEADLAM-MORLEY:

A Memoir of the Paris Peace Conference 1919

Edited by Agnes Headlam-Morley, Russell Bryant and Anna Ciencialà

230pp. Methuen. £4.60.

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Mental models

ARTHUR KOESTLER:

The Call-Girls

191pp. Hutchinson. £2.25.

In a monster glass and concrete filing cabinet, on a technicolor alp, twelve Nobel laureates (past and future) assemble to discuss "Approaches to Survival". At least, there should be twelve, but the Russian sends his apologies at the last minute. And that is just the first stereotyped gesture. Fairly relentlessly the academic call-girls ("It isn't much of a joke you know", a Kleinian camp-follower keeps saying) go through the available routines of the mind-sciences from old-fashioned ratology to Alpha waves. Arthur Koestler's brief parable provides, as one would expect, a primary-coloured guide to the models of "mind" we operate with. They comprise the mechanical, the animal, the daemonic, and the various hybrids produced by crossing these three, none of which is even remotely human. Mr Koestler's tone is more weary than malicious; his distinguished speakers are allowed to parody themselves (a sure sign of authorial scorn and pity). There are moments of more appreciative irony, as in the endearing caricature of the up-dated Catholic seminarist—"'But we are trained to be cynical', Tony said brightly. 'Every Friday in the seminar we have to build a bonfire of our illusions'." The voice of the new Counter-Reformation. But, like all the other voices, it soon sounds intolerably shrill, monotonous, and morally stupid.

The call-girls themselves, of course, know about the ironies attendant on interdisciplinary dialogue. They are embarrassed and distressed by their every right posturings, and every day's discussion ends with a rush for cocktails and random chat. Dramatization is perfunctory, but does manage to convey the dishonest "sincerity" of the international cast—puppets with "self-criticism" painted on their faces. They know each other's arguments by heart, but there is no intellectual Esperanto which would force them really to argue, and "Approaches to Survival" becomes just another cacophonous racket disguised by the comfortable conventions of the academic symposium. Not that Mr Koestler is getting at these cynical researchers for living in ivory towers: Babel is their tower, and their piecemeal interventions in people's lives are very real indeed, as the final, messy twist to the plot demonstrates. More shocking than their dogmatisms and their actions (electrodes in the pleasure centres, tranquillizers in the drinking water) are their fear and incoherence. No one wills, no one chooses, and the physician is helpless as the patient.

Mr Koestler does not leave it there though. He has tried, by a very awkward species of authorial ventriloquism, to sound morally authoritative himself, without saying how or why. The conference chairman is credited (for no good reason) with a vague stoic despair which is supposed to hold all the conventious voices in a moral balance. And the whole fable is framed by two emblematic pieces about moral blindness (God's and Man's) which embarrass an already fragile point of view by trying to project it from here to eternity. The bank *has* no voice of its own, no effective defence against Babel, except a weary shrugging-on. Mr Koestler's return to fiction is rather condescending—as though he thinks a *lingua franca* can be more easily mocked-up in that medium. There is too much blandness in the way he uses fictional licence, without giving much in return; his authorial stance is a matter of mechanical distancing, not real invention. As a result the surrounding apparatus (especially the prologue by crucified Jesus) is trite and off-putting, and has nothing much to do with the book's real business. *That* is altogether less grand, and a lot more interesting—a sketchy, vivid review of the state of mental engineering, without footnotes, and without solutions.

Shifting sands

PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON:

The Holiday Friend

254pp. Macmillan. £2.25.

The jacket admirably suggests the contents of Pamela Hansford Johnson's new novel: us in some prewar seaside poster, a couple sit on sunlit yellow sands, silhouetted, pipe and all, against striped deckchairs, blond child building castles at their feet; in the distance, a shapely girl ventures alone into gentle waves. The setting, in fact, is a small Belgian resort to which Gavin Eastwood, who lectures in art history, has brought his nice wife Hannah and their twelve-year-old son for the third summer in succession—Armand, of the pleasant and modest hotel away from the *plage*, has saved their rooms, and they look forward to an enjoyable fortnight of rich food, rather more wine than is wise, some friendly games of miniature golf, the odd day's sightseeing in Bruges. Melissa, orphaned, a virgin, and unremarkable to look at, has gazed adoringly at Gavin's lectures and secretly saved to indulge her romantic daydreams by "accidentally" meeting him on the beach; that he is forty-eight (though "tall and graceful . . . greyish-fair and distinctly good-looking") and entirely content with his wife is of no significance.

The Eastwoods are kind to Melissa, and easily persuaded to leave their precious Giles with her for the day; an anxious little boy, beginning to fret at the burden of so much parental devotion, he prefers Melissa and unlimited cokes and pastries to the bossy or more liberated offspring of hotel acquaintances. Chance and casual displays of sympathy—not wholly without vanity, as Gavin is made aware of his attractions—embolden Melissa to declare her love. It ends by spoiling their holiday—and a little over so slightly malicious threesome fellow-guests begin to whisper. In any case, Melissa's mature infatuation is enough to make Gavin and Hannah from their customary obsession with the child to notice how cunningly she contrives to rendezvous with the less local youth in the sacristy.

The climax is violent, but minds one that Miss Hansford Johnson wrote eloquently on the murders; it is perhaps a fatality that compels her to show extremes of paranoia and ment may contribute to particular vulnerability, fearful secrets of grownups be hidden from even the conscientious adult. There is simism beneath this apparently little tale of chance concerned on the surface with banalities of rather dated self-indulgence and wellbeing decent British attitudes; but is mistaken for frustrated idle curiosity is revealed as tionalism, even adolescent dreams have disastrous quences.

Yet it is never quite clear ugly the author intends *petite plage* to seem; in what might have made an short story she has been introduce many minor almost entirely irrelevant central quartet, to provide many descriptions of cosy bedroom chat, to ironic irony and yet blur the sharp ing comment. Although in a somewhat dated convincing, *The Holiday* leaves one impatient, uneasy sense of claustrophobia that is Miss Hansford intention.

Waving

RICHARD AKERMAN:

The Truth about Fort Fussocks

204pp. Eyre Methuen. £2.50.

Satirists shopping around for an easy target in about four years time will be understandably miffed to learn that Richard Akerman beat them to the body-blow with *Fort Fussocks*. The bicentenary of the American War of Independence will understandably give rise to enough flag waving to start a hurricane. The inhabitants of Regina County, where Mr Akerman's novel is set, are certainly equipped with an enthusiastic committee whose self-imposed business it is to see that the occasion doesn't pass without profits being made and glory accrued. In order to lend perspective to events, Mr Akerman has split his narrative three ways; Richard Akerman becomes an editor who introduces the verbatim account—taped by one Pete Screugh—of the preparations made by The Regina County Bicentennial Committee. Screugh, in his turn, has discovered a journal by a British agent, John Jeffrey, and includes excerpts in his taped record of Regina County's build-up to the Big Day.

It's a neat enough device: Jeffrey's journal, of course, gives the lie to the claims made by Screugh's chauvinistic colleagues, and the reader, endowed with the benefit of hindsight, views the Committee's petty posturings and feeble dissents with a wryly amused eye. The tape allows the nuttily jingoistic, self-important or strenuously avaricious committee members to condemn themselves out of their own mouths, while the journal reveals revered local heroes to have been sadistic cowards and the battle a mere skirmish, devoid of what professional soldiers unsmilingly refer to as glory.

The problem is that Screugh's tape, which is by far the longest section of the narrative and which invests both Jeffrey's journal and the "editorial notes" with significance, is all Mr Akerman has to engage the reader's attention. As a consequence, Screugh's activities as a secretary extend to accounts of hula-hoops, two-way mirrors, his own secret love for a local librarian who has secret lesbian loves of her own—in fact enough incidental material to provide Mr Akerman with a novel and the reader with a rapidly accelerating sense of disbelief.

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The Golden Lotus (Chin P'ing Mei)

Translated by Clement Egerton. In four volumes.

387pp, 376pp, 385pp, 375pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £10.50 the set.

This new edition of a seventeenth-century Chinese novel is a reprint of the excellent translation first published in 1939 by Clement Egerton with the help of the well-known Chinese novelist Lao She. At that time the more erotic passages appeared in Latin, which must have bemused all but the most devoted readers of Petronius, but the pleasures of imagination have now given place to the limitations of the truth revealed by the translation of these passages into English. However, the Chinese habit of describing copulation in terms of butterflies, mists and flowers still veils many passages in a decent obscurity.

As for the novel itself, its literary and moral value has often been questioned and it remains as much of a puzzle as ever. The story, briefly, concerns Hsi-men Ch'ing, a rich merchant, his wives, concubines and associates, whose lusts and double dealings eventually reap the reward promised on page one, "a wealthy and noble family came to a sorry end . . . the beauties whose charms competed for their master's favours had their pleasure, but in the end their corpses lay in the shadow of the lamp and their blood was spilt in empty chambers". But in the pursuit of this dénouement the reader will find his impatience sorely fretted, for the characters are as numerous as in *War and Peace* and sub-plots and digressions threaten to swamp the central theme completely. Since the book became a playground for the academic source-hunter it has been shown to be a patchwork of episodes from earlier novels and tales of the market-place, interspersed in the original with arias from famous operas many of which are omitted here. The author often makes up little attempt to connect his fragments that major and minor inconsistencies abound.

The Golden Lotus has also been criticized as an immoral, not to say pornographic, book and was censored in China soon after its original publication. But the erotic incidents, though often recounted with relish, are only a small part of this long and massively detailed story and they are in any case unlikely to outrage present-day public taste. In particular, Hsi-men Ch'ing's horrid death from an overdose of the attentions and aphrodisiacs of his nymphomaniac Fifth Wife, Golden Lotus, will hardly attract imitation.

But for all its crudity and melodrama the book does have a considerable cumulative effect. There is a terrible fatalism about the frustration and claustrophobia which descends on all the women of the household and the burden of their hatreds and jealousies which eventually destroys Hsi-men Ch'ing himself, which is quite unrelieved by the schematic promise of Buddhist redemption through his son in the final chapters. "You should put fire into the cold stove before you begin on the hot ones", Moon Lady, Hsi-men's virtuous First Wife, reproves her husband on behalf of his more neglected concubines, and, far from being an erotic work, the book conveys a strong masculine fear of the ruthlessness and rapaciousness of women in a polygamous world where there is no arena but the bed for them to exercise their powers.

Maurice Pickelson's novel *Dod.* (192pp Calder and Boyars. £2.50) was reviewed in the French edition on March 27, 1969, and described as "a most amiable and inventive first novel". Dod's body is immobilized but his mind is very active and the invisible parts of his environment are filled with "a pack of colourful grotesques". An entertaining novel about the operations of the imagination. The English version, by J. A. Underwood, seems accurate enough but lacks the verve and oddness of the original.

The dream-works of Tippett

BY IAN KEMP

[illegible] OPERAS written over the past twenty-five years have undermined the fashionable [illegible] that opera is dead, and on a numerical count one would be [illegible] to hold hands with the apostles dancing round the corpse of [illegible] King and wait hopefully for one to rise up answering to [illegible] name of Music Theatre, or [illegible] of the sort. But cultural [illegible] don't operate in a tidy [illegible] and the course of history can [illegible] by a single work. We have [illegible] any case, Melissa's [illegible] infatuation is enough to [illegible] Gavin and Hannah from their [illegible] mary obsession with the child [illegible] to notice how cunningly she [illegible] trives to rendezvous with the [illegible] less local youth in the sacristy.

The climax is violent, but [illegible] minds one that Miss Hansford [illegible] son wrote eloquently on the [illegible] murders; it is perhaps a [illegible] fatality that compels her to show [illegible] extremes of paranoia and [illegible] how extremes of paranoia and [illegible] ment may contribute to [illegible] particular vulnerability, [illegible] fearful secrets of grownups [illegible] be hidden from even the [illegible] conscientious adult. There is [illegible] simism beneath this apparently [illegible] little tale of chance and [illegible] concerned on the surface with [illegible] banalities of rather dated [illegible] self-indulgence and well-being [illegible] decent British attitudes; but [illegible] is mistaken for frustrated [illegible] idle curiosity is revealed as [illegible] tionalism, even adolescent [illegible] dreams have disastrous [illegible] quences.

Yet it is never quite clear [illegible] ugly the author intends *The* [illegible] *petite plage* to seem; in [illegible] what might have made an [illegible] short story she has been [illegible] introduce many minor [illegible] almost entirely irrelevant [illegible] central quartet, to provide [illegible] many descriptions of [illegible] cosy bedroom chat, to [illegible] irony and yet blur the sharp [illegible] ing comment. Although [illegible] a somewhat dated [illegible] convincing, *The Holiday* [illegible] leaves one impatient, uneasy, [illegible] sense of claustrophobia that is Miss Hansford [illegible] intention.

Since the individuation process involves a continual and conscious assessment of its progress, the opera continually shifts between the conscious and the unconscious level, or from the world of reality to the world of dreams (a technical and imaginative feat of the first order), and often it is halfway between the two. This is where the fifth main character, King Fisher, fits in. He is the "shadow", the projection of the other character's "unconscious" less palatable qualities—which could perhaps be described in terms of bourgeois morality and faith in the bargaining power of money. Acceptance that the shadow lies within the mind rather than without is the first step in the process, to be followed by the discovery of progressively deeper layers—the anima or animus, the "mana personality" and finally the "self" with its "uniting symbol". Mark and Jenifer appear to have recognized their shadow before the opera has started since they both make a conscious decision to confront their respective anima and animus before King Fisher appears. Jenifer seeks literally high in the sky for her spiritual, masculine qualities and Mark low in the earth for his instinctual, feminine qualities. Both are intoxicated by what they find and then reverse their roles and seek to rediscover their basic sexuality.

In their relations with King Fisher and in their ambiguous reactions to the unexpected warning voice in Act

least since the nineteenth century: chorus, scena and aria for the tenor, scena for the new characters, aria for the baritone, and so on, leading to a finale based on the idea of a singing contest familiar from Wagner. And in subject-matter as well the opera is traditional. But here, in examining the way in which Tippett reinvests his legacy, we are on less familiar ground.

An essential part of the idea of opera is that it should perform operations on the listener which the stage play is unable to do. By capitalizing on music's ability to evoke emotions more powerful and less circumscribed than in other arts, the composer has naturally used themes concerned either with extreme emotional stress or with realms of myth and fairy-tale largely inaccessible to the discursive intellect. The central thesis of *The Midsummer Marriage* is that music can with dynamic and constructive symbolism conjure up dreams, and that an opera can therefore be a dream. Although this thesis holds fast to this second tradition, surprisingly few operas have been based on it.

A dream can be dismissed as pure fantasy, or it can be regarded as a pointer towards self-understanding. Tippett of course takes the latter standpoint, and in particular identifies himself with the Jungian individuation process. The opera is in fact a dramatization of a model individuation process. How this works throws considerable light on Tippett's operatic methods, and it will be examined in some detail below, but it is pertinent to remark here that his relationship with Jung is no casual encounter but rather a key to his philosophy of life. Anger or compassion towards the violence or aimlessness in contemporary society or in the individual member of that society can avoid sterility only if it is grounded on something positive, and this something Tippett finds in Jung's belief that the development of a consciously balanced individual personality is the first step towards the creation of an integrated society. This ideal may in itself be illusory, but it cannot be rejected for that reason, especially since the composer is uniquely equipped to probe the unconscious, a necessary part of this development.

The first work in which Tippett made his position clear was the oratorio *A Child of Our Time*, completed in 1941, and particularly in its penultimate section where the text offers some answer to the apparently inevitable occurrence of war: "I would know my shadow and my light, so shall I at last be whole. Then courage, brother, dare the grave passage." In a newspaper article written some years back, Tippett remarked that all his dramatic works were an exploration of the meaning of these lines: "It is the only truth I shall ever say." The terms "shadow" and "light", referring to the unconscious and conscious parts of the mind, are pure Jung, and in exhorting us to "dare the grave passage" Tippett is using his own imagery to describe a journey into the unconscious which will reveal the shadow (and more) and hopefully lead to the birth of a newly balanced personality. *The Midsummer Marriage* takes us through the "grave passage", the opera itself acting as psychotherapist.

The individuation process aims to strip away the barriers to self-understanding by revealing the unconscious mind layer by layer, until a synthesis and reorientation of the conscious and unconscious can take place. This is achieved largely through the interpretation of dreams. In order to avoid self-deception, two people must be involved, the analyst and the analysand, a practice reflected in Tippett's use of pairs of characters, both of which experience together. His acceptance of Jung is underlined by the use of two pairs, one (Jack and Bella) undergoing the less than complete process relevant to people in the first half of life whose immediate needs can be met by a workable understanding of the problems they will encounter, and the other (Mark and Jenifer) undergoing the complete process appropriate for those who question further.

At the beginning of the opera Mark expresses his impatience with the old routine, and Jenifer her impatience with conventional interpretations of what "love" might mean. So the "marriage" of the title already implies two things: a perfectly satisfactory arrangement on a not very deep level of understanding, and a conscious act of union between two people able to love more deeply because they know what they are giving. It also implies something more fundamental still: a marriage of both sides of the personality, the real message of the opera.

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I, Jack and Bella have assimilated something of the presence of the shadow, and in Act II are given a vision of the anima/animus in the three ritual dances. These follow the theme of the sexual chase and depict, in seasonal symbolism, predatory feminine instincts in increasingly more violent form. This is already enough enlightenment for Jack and Bella, who feel they have acquired sufficient knowledge of themselves and each other to get married forthwith. But for Mark and Jenifer the seasonal cycle is not complete, and the ritual dance of summer, the turning-point of the year, is yet to come.

Act III, after some initial tipsyness, representative of the imbalance prompted by psychic upheaval, and a piece of buffoonery, a natural response in the face of momentous revelation, is characterized by the appearance of Sosostris, the "mana personality". This, in contrast to the opposite-sexed anima figure in Act II, symbolizes access to the primordial layer of essential sexuality. Tippett does not introduce the male counterpart, nor has he produced a male animus figure in Act II, presumably on the grounds that to do so would upset the proportions of the opera. It may be assumed therefore that Sosostris stands for both Jenifer and Mark and that she symbolizes their liberation from mother and father and their sense of true individuality. She also makes Jack and Bella realize the power of their unconscious promptings, and they go off together happily independent of the deadening effect of King Fisher.

The journey of Mark and Jenifer has now reached its goal. Their discovery of their true selves is represented in three ways: by the death of King Fisher, the shadow, which is recognized as part of themselves; by a "uniting symbol", which for want of a human symbol in Western culture Tippett has shown in Eastern terms with Shiva and Shakti emerging from a "golden flower" in spiritual and bodily conjunction; and by the fourth ritual dance which takes the earlier dances a crucial stage further to a real death, the transformation of the old personality into the new being symbolized by the pain and purification of fire (the music expressing sexual ecstasy to a degree equalled only by Berlioz in *The Trojans*). The dream is over. At the end of the opera the two can return to the real world of the opening and set out on their lives in full consciousness of themselves and of their love.



The Covent Garden premiere of The Knot Garden. *Peter Hall's production is to be revived in December.*

The novelty in *The Midsummer Marriage* lies in the degree to which Tippett has explored his cultural heritage and the manner in which he has expressed it. His other operas naturally present different aspects. Although *King Priam*, completed in 1962, still derives from myth (this time the familiar story from Homer), it is as if he wished to add a necessary corrective and show that the brave new world into which Mark and Jenifer were venturing would not be all green meadows and sunshine and that the earlier opera was perhaps after all just a dream. *King Priam* is about the problems after marriage, the demands of the inner and outer worlds, and of the impossibility of making provision for every contingency. It is a real tragedy, the only hope offered lying in the depth of compassion and in the power of music itself to soften the pain and to show that the problems of life are worth living through. The musical language is geared to the presentation of fact. It is objective in the sense that the listener is allowed to absorb and assess as the work progresses and is not swept headlong in a torrent of musical energy as in *The Midsummer Marriage*. Only in the interludes between the scenes does the earlier composer emerge, as commentator and comforter.

With *The Knot Garden*, completed in 1969, something of a synthesis between the attitudes represented by the earlier operas is achieved. Interaction between characters, largely absent in *The Midsummer Marriage* where the characters are concerned essentially with themselves in relation to themselves rather than others, and making little difference to behaviour in *King Priam*, increases the complexity of the relationships and reduces the chances for clear-cut answers. In many ways *The Knot Garden* rejects *The Midsummer Marriage* on its own terms: the dream is in the foreground, the psychotherapeutic aspect is made explicit with a real analyst as a central character, and the characters are all battling with anima/animus problems. Even a "mana personality" emerges, this time in the form of the sounds of "Full fathom five". And the knot garden itself is a savage distortion of a mandala, the image Tippett could have used as a uniting symbol in *The Midsummer Marriage* if the visual world of that opera had been abstract. The crucial difference between the two is that only one character, Thea, finds some sort of balance at the end and thus only because she gives up the illusion of having gone through the process on innumerable previous occasions and knows the ritual.

For the most part the answers given in *The Knot Garden* are incomplete and almost arbitrary, however they suggest that Tippett has found his ground substantially changed, to speak of his continuing quest, to provide that something positive, the sudden tender act of forgiveness, the closing minutes of the opera when some of the knots are untangled, may lack the full dramatic formulation of *The Midsummer Marriage* but it springs from the same state of mind—and is followed by a monologue in which the prefiguring, strident colourings of the opera give way to an open change and reverberating peal of bells.

Perhaps one may say that Tippett's work has become less theoretical in the twenty years or so that separate the two operas, more concerned with its harmonizing purpose and less to the actual rather than the ideal. Certainly the urgency of meaning has demanded a different focus on the individuals in the dramatis personae, from which has derived correspondingly greater compression of musical gesture and wider release of musical style. But it would be wrong to suppose that this has involved any fundamental experimental language. Whilst the music employs more complex means, in *The Knot Garden*, he used to symbolize a schizophrenic fractured soul, it is referred to the final chord as an all-embracing major, the key, in *The Midsummer Marriage*, of the magic kiss.

Ian Kemp is a Fellow of Pembroke College, Cambridge. He has written a symposium on Tippett and is writing a biography of the composer.

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Sons of Moses

HERBERT KUPFERBERG:
The Mendelssohns
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"Formerly I was known as the son of my father, now I am known as the father of my son." These were the words of Abraham Mendelssohn (1776-1835), the German Jewish banker who was converted to Christianity and adopted the suffix Bartholdy to his surname. He also nicknamed himself "The Hyphen". But he was no cipher and he established the banking business that lasted from 1795 until 1939. In this composite biography Herbert Kupferberg not only recounts the achievements of a talented family, and provides lifelike character studies of its many members, their spouses and their children, but traces their histories down to some of their descendants known to people still living. Thus, for instance, he mentions the two who died in Oxford, P. V. M. Benecke, fellow of Magdalen, and Albrecht, fellow of Balliol; the former, a well-known Oxford character, died in 1944, and the latter, a refugee from the Nazis, in 1936.

Moses Mendelssohn (1729-1786), the founder of the dynasty, came as a poor boy from Dessau in Central Germany to Berlin, earned his living in a silk business, but made a reputation as a philosopher and a linguist, who translated Hebrew, Greek, French and English into German, corresponded with Kant and Lessing, and is credited with being the chief agent in the Jewish Enlightenment in Germany, which in its turn has been attributed the extraordinary efflorescence of Jewish genius in the nineteenth century.

Felix enjoyed the reputation of a great composer of the calibre of Bach, Mozart and Schubert throughout the nineteenth century, especially in England. Then came a gradual revaluation, which in Germany was accelerated by Nazi anti-semitism. Mr Kupferberg, who is an American, is still slightly puzzled by the violence of these fluctuations in critical opinion. But the explanations are all to be found in his own pages and are very well understood in Britain today—in Germany it is a case of restoring Mendelssohn's statues to their pedestals.

Mendelssohn, a prodigy like Mozart, was more fortunate in his life's circumstances than the earlier composer. Life was in fact a little too easy and his technique too accomplished to subject him to any severe psychological strain other than overwork, so that its products were not toughened. What might have served to have done this for him, the conflict of classical and romantic—he was essentially a classic born into a romantic era—did in fact double his appeal, at any rate to Victorian England. Moreover, certain works have never lost their appeal, the *Midsummer Night's Dream* music, the Italian and Scottish Symphonies, the Violin Concerto and even *Elijah*, because they stand up to the more exacting demands of the twentieth century as compared with those of Victorian complacency, which overvalued their superficial attractions. There are in fact signs that the works in eclipse, such as the chamber music, are regaining something of their lost popularity. Still, Mr Kupferberg is entitled to call attention to irony, the drama, and the double peripeteia in the history of the house of Mendelssohn in this very readable and informative multiple biography.

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Amateur appraisals

Apollinaire on Art
Essays and Reviews 1902-1918
Translated by Susan Suleiman
546pp. Thames and Hudson. £6 (paperback, £2.95).

Publication of the "Documents of 20th Century Art" (this is the third in the series) coincides with an interest in the visual arts which is now spreading to the writing related to it; writing by people on the fringe of the art world complements the work of the professional critics. The case of Apollinaire was unique; he could hardly be called a professional critic but his imaginative approach made him more than a dilettante reporter.

Apollinaire's writing about art has historical value, much is still readable for its own sake and, most important of all, it adds to our understanding of the poet himself. His knowledge of the history or techniques of painting was less important than his intuitive understanding of creative power. Like some other unclassifiable, over-dispersed writers he was intrigued by *les autres*, for he found subject-matter everywhere and looked at others with some hope of understanding himself. Some invisible tide brought him into contact with artists of value, whether proven or not. He gave practical advice where necessary, while his appraisals of their work, written in varying keys, reflected the astonishing range of his background knowledge and his genius for unorthodox comparison.

It is twelve years since Leroy Breunig edited the *Chroniques d'art* for publication by Gallimard, a valuable service, for apart from the short book *Les Peintres cubistes* little of Apollinaire's criticism had been collected from the periodicals where most of it appeared. The present volume is somewhat unwieldy, despite the pruning, no doubt sensible, explained by the editor. The reader has every chance to browse, however, looking up what Apollinaire had to say about painters both famous and forgotten.

There are endless curiosities: for instance the ubiquitous Natalie Clifford Barney, whose aphorisms have remained almost as famous as her *mores*, exhibited some pastels in 1911, among them a portrait of "G. K. Chesterton, Esq., an English journalist who will soon be well known in France and whose works are a mixture of mysticism, burlesque, horror and buffoonery. Despite this incongruous combination, he is a man of good sense, and 'he is a real card'." The description of the painter Alberto Savinio (De Chirico's brother) hysterically playing his own compositions on the piano allows Apollinaire to talk about the new music, especially in relation to other arts, and add a dash of non-destructive irony.

Professor Breunig's preface is addressed more particularly to American readers, but those in England who have grown up in the wake of Apollinaire may not have realized how far the American added to the mystery surrounding him before this elusive figure emerged at least partially from the mist.

It is a pity that the bibliography should omit Cecily Mackworth's understanding *Guillaume Apollinaire and the Cubist Life* (1961) and the important *Lecture d'Apollinaire* by Philippo Renaud, published in 1969. Nor can one altogether agree with the editor about the merits of the translation; this was no easy task but the famous 1905 piece about Picasso for example has been ruined. In translating Apollinaire one can only be as bold as he was.

Dada as dodo

RAOUL HAUSMANN:
Am Anfang war Dada
Edited by Karl Riha and Günter Klimpf
188pp. Steinbach: Anabus. DM 19.80.

What did you do in (and just after) the Great War, Dada? This is the question which the bulk of this rather patchy book investigates. In places excellent, particularly when the late Raoul Hausmann addresses himself to a study of some of the other sons of Dada. It is, however, not without blemish. The text is marred by rather petty (and unprovable) assertions regrettably characteristic of the Dadaist looking back on his hour of glory; in the context of the *Ursonate*, for example, Hausmann makes the unsubstantiated claim that, in spite of what others may have said about the matter, "Schwitters was greatly influenced by me". (This is too close by far to the undignified and unproductive squabblings among former Dadaists about who was first to do what, and when.) The chapters that compose this half-reminiscing, half-critical retrospection do not form a satisfactory whole; and Karl Riha's afterword is couched in almost unreadable German academic prose.

But *Am Anfang war Dada* is still a significant and fascinating work. Hausmann was one of the most intellectual and perceptive of the Dadaists. This is far less paradoxical than it seems: the coffee-table history of art image of Dada may regard the movement exclusively in terms of childish manifestations and crazy exhibitions, but even a figure as exotic as Hugo Ball did not spend his entire life clad in coloured cardboard cylinders intoning soundpoems. In fact, he also wrote fiery and penetrating critiques of the Germanic tradition and the best biography so far of Hermann Hesse's earlier years.) And Hausmann's own intellectuality shines most brightly in his important discussion of Kurt Schwitters.

Schwitters has of late attracted his fair share of indifferent scholarship in glossy packaging; here, by contrast, he is taken apart and rigorously examined in the course of a few incisive paragraphs. This is an impressive performance by Hausmann, in which he both highlights the split personality of Schwitters so characteristic of Dadaists and Expressionists alike, and also marks off Schwitters's "Merz" as a quite distinctive brand of Dada. Whereas Marcel Duchamp took useful objects and rendered them useless, Schwitters took useful objects that had exhausted their usefulness, and translated them into objects of beauty; and whereas Arp removed words from conventional situations and gave them new life and new associations, Schwitters exploited them as formal patterns, as the building-bricks of his fantasy castles in the air.

By contrast, Hausmann is disappointing when he turns to two subjects close to his heart: photomontage and the sound-poem (a convincing account of which has yet to be written).

Hausmann's most valuable characteristic in this book is his honest sense of perspective. Because Dada was important to the few involved, many Dadaists became convinced that it was equally important to the many who were not. Hausmann is the first to admit that Dada as a movement had a brief span and limited impact: "The battle-charger Dada swiftly tired, turned into a Rosinante, skinny and neglected." Hausmann also lays a few old wives' tales en route: the discredited but still current fictions that Dada was a communist plot, or exclusively a French phenomenon (with Tzara bringing the tablets down from the mountain), or a mere nihilistic prelude to Surrealism.

Aspects of Austria

OTTO BENESCH:
Collected Writings
Volume 3: German and Austrian Art of the 15th and 16th Centuries
Edited by Eva Benesch.
667pp including 442 plates. Phaidon. £7.50.

The progress of the publication of the collected writings of the late Otto Benesch poses the question of how far such assemblages are worth while in themselves and do honour to the author they are commemorating. On the positive side there is certainly the convenience of gaining access to widely dispersed material, mostly culled from recondite periodicals, often long out of print; and they demonstrate the vallance of the pioneering work in untilled fields that this distinguished scholar undertook over the years. On the other side, such an act of piety may in fact do less than justice to the author's reputation by uncritically reprinting articles in which battles are fought which have long since been won. One cannot conceive that Benesch would have agreed to republish, at least without revision, some of the essays contained in this volume. His widow has, as the blurb says, "added references to more recent literature and has noted changes in the location of some of the works mentioned", but she has not revealed when the consensus of opinion has, for example, gone against the views and attributions of her late husband.

Most of the essays are in the original German, which alone may prevent them from making an impact on a wider public, and many deal with minutiae of Austrian art which, although it was a field which occupied Benesch's early years, will prove of interest only to specialists. There are, however, topics of wider implications. The survey of the role of landscape in Austrian sixteenth-century painting, or of Altdorfer's and Huber's debt to Italian art are still valid, but the long piece on Altdorfer, on the occasion of the 1938 exhibition, has been superseded by Benesch's own book, which appeared a year later.

On the other hand, the analysis in depth of the condition of Dürer's "Rosenkranzfest", noted when Benesch saw the painting at the 1928 exhibition at Nuremberg, is still of value, especially as Pedja Anzelewsky in his recent book on Dürer's paintings does not deal with this particular aspect in such detail. But the so-called "Self-Portrait" in the Museum at Kromeris has never been accepted by Dürer scholars.

Quite a few of the articles are reviews of exhibitions which, in the nature of things, are ephemeral, and without the aid of the relevant catalogues it is often difficult to follow the writer's arguments. However, the volume has been supplied with a generous corpus of 442 excellent illustrations and an exhaustive index. Nevertheless one cannot help feeling that Benesch's reputation would have been enhanced by the republication of a volume of *selected* writings.

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The fears of Virginia Woolf

QUENTIN BELL:
Virginia Woolf
A Biography
Volume 2: Mrs Woolf, 1912-1941
300pp plus 15 plates. Hogarth Press. £3.

RICHARD KENNEDY:
A Boy at the Hogarth Press
186pp including unnumbered illustrations. Heinemann Educational. £2.50

To say that Quentin Bell's second volume is as good as the first is, for those who have read it, to say enough. In fact this volume is even more absorbing and illuminating, if only because the reader comes to it already sensitively aware of Virginia Woolf's family background of relationships within the family and with friends, and aware also of certain qualities and characteristics of her own, including the well-controlled but inevitably recurrent fear that she will again be mad. In short, this second volume is more moving and more compelling than the first. The reader is already equipped to understand many of Virginia Woolf's human relationships, including her dependence upon Leonard Woolf for self-confidence about her work, including, too, her inevitable submission to childlessness and the strains which, in this volume, they caused temporarily in her relations with her much-loved and loving sister Vanessa, the author's mother. In this volume, as in the first, the close relationship between the author and his subject is an immense advantage. If he were less of an artist, or less robust, it could have been a handicap. The volume covers the major creative work from *The Voyage Out* to *Between the Acts* and Professor Bell enables us, not by direct description, but through the personalities involved and their experience and responses, to imagine civilian life during both wars and during the even more precarious peace between. The reader is constantly aware of the impact of events upon the life and work of Virginia Woolf.

Many readers of the biography will be familiar with the novels and probably also with *A Writer's Diary*; yet, even in this area Professor Bell is enlightening. He disclaims any intention to be a literary critic and rejects the notion that the subject of his biography can be discovered by him within her own works. Yet his office as biographer often interrelates with the reader's curiosity. One example of interplay between biographer and critical reader can be indicated by what Professor Bell writes about *Flush: A Biography*, that oddity among her works, in which she shows us the two poets Browning through the sensibilities of their dog. Professor Bell tells us that the book was "an unforeseen success, but on this occasion she feared success almost as much as she usually feared blame. The critics would like it for reasons that did her no credit", as indeed some of them did—whereas her importunately devoted friend Ethel Smyth (composer, and enchanting autobiographer) told Vanessa that *Flush* was "the kind of book that gives me the kick-screams". Any reader might wonder why Virginia Woolf chose to write about the Brownings from a dog's point of view, granted her need for periods of relaxation during her terrible struggles with *The Years* (in which, at times, she lost all confidence). Professor Bell does not profess to know the answer, but he makes a suggestion that illuminates much of her work, as well as this one:

> She was fascinated by all animals, but her affection was odd and remote. She wanted to know what her dog was feeling—but then she wanted to know what everyone was feeling, and perhaps the dogs are no more inscrutable than most humans. *Flush* is not so much a book by a dog-lover as a book by someone who would love to be a dog.

For just long enough, that is, to experience a dog's impression. His comment tells us much about her creative and critical writings.

This second volume, like the first, adds to our understanding of the "Bloomsbury" world. It becomes clear that many of the protagonists who experimented with personal relations were claiming freedom from rules and conventions in the name of good sense, honesty, candour and generosity, very much as some young people today assert their freedom on principle. But the marriage of Leonard and Virginia was never experimental or wavering. It was founded on deep, impassioned, enduring friendship and on well-warranted mutual admiration. It stood up to strains almost too great for human fortitude.

When she was mad he alone could induce her to eat, to go on living, to recapture sanity. Professor Bell's second volume confirms and complements what some of his readers will already know from Leonard Woolf's autobiography. In this area and throughout their relationship, seen the more clearly even against the vicissitudes within their circle, Professor Bell deepens understanding and increases knowledge.

Inevitably Bevis Hillier's introduction to *A Boy at the Hogarth Press* seems in every sense impertinent to a reader either of Professor Bell's book or of the relevant volumes of Leonard Woolf's autobiography. In it he asserts that Richard Kennedy's reconstructed memories of one year at the Hogarth Press, at the age of sixteen, will reveal more of Virginia Woolf's "true character than Woolf does in his frigid, studied and much expurgated account". This is so palpably absurd that one can only suppose Mr Hillier has not read the volumes to which he refers. Mr Kennedy's reminiscences were, a "Publisher's Notes" tells us, "cast in the form of diary, written some forty years after the events they describe".

The book is not intended by the author as a contribution to Virginia Woolf's biography. It is, however, amusing and convincing both of his recollections is darkened by his employers. It is not surprising that Leonard could be irritated by a speak harshly when the boy made damaging errors; and no one will be surprised that Mr dressed unconventionally smoked home-made "dog" work. Both were precocious helpful and kind to a quirky, tense, tant, well-intentioned boy. The same time absurd and logical, as the choral singer so ignorant Caledonian Hand that he either read music at all, or cannot unless from a score (whereas predecessors read from single like present-day orchestral ers); the conductor busily expecting" music to his musicand his public, though fully aware of the latest work on vital matters of editorial and performance practice; critic content with a nodding barian) acquaintance with music the past century and a half, and tly incompetent to assess or erstand anything of prior vinand the musicologist who reads and translates music and in such an irresponsible ver that the results can be airily olved as unimportant because actual function is merely rical.

dic's major problem is that its arly sharp divisions between y and practice can cut the of the inexperienced on many en levels and in various unsus places. It is not simply a case sicologists versus composers. ller centuries each composer his own musicologist, editing, ng, and arranging the music hers as he saw fit. Monteverdi Arcadelt, Bach adapted lli, and Handel arranged Telo- and when revival of Baroque pieces became fashionable, n did his duty by Handel, just Saëns lent a helping hand neau and Vaughan Williams to ulli. There is admittedly a wide ical divergence between the ods employed by these gentlebut their names and the names ny others should remind us that sition and musicology were ays at loggerheads, and are n aligned today in unusual and discreditable circumstances.

e extraordinarily non-standard re of university musical educais without doubt a major cause present and past confusion, and it is improved rapidly there will be even greater confusion in the future. Take first of all the example of universities on the European continent: as fortresses of abstract scholarship they keep their drawbridge up and their guards mounted when the word "composer" is mentioned. They have no room for him. Yet that same continent, without undue boasting, can claim to have produced, over the past millennium, more great composers than the rest of the world put together. Now take the example of British universities. For centuries they firmly barred their doors to musicologists, whereas composers could climb in with impunity—and very frequently did so. Residence was not expected of them, nor was the passing of examinations; they simply submitted an original composition. In our own century, the musicologist gradually came to be tolerated.

There is a third and final example to be considered. On the North American continent thousands of music departments pursue a feverish activity in every field of endeavour. As is the case with most fovers, this one is caused by disease in the body politic. Uncertain at first whether to adopt the Continental formula or the British one, many of the older universities settled for a judicious mixture of theory and practice, of composition and musicology. But elephantiasis brought about a situation in which thousands of musicologists began to flourish, and they did so and do so now because their discipline is a comparatively youthful one with much still to be explored, edited, and criticized. Composers also flourished, but their role was not so clear. What they taught was valuable, but what they wrote rarely penetrated outside the ivory tower into the vast and thronging world of music. Exceptions there were, to be sure; but the average position of a composer in academe was not unlike that of a poet in prison: unmeasurable opportunity to create, but a limited local audience.

Composers therefore took what may turn out to be a fatal step. They organized themselves into a society called University Composers, thus branding themselves for ever with the hot-iron of social stigma. Painters and engravers work and teach in many universities, but they are careful not to dub themselves university artists in case the public suspects an overdose of theory. Similarly, poets and novelists exist fruitfully on countless campuses, but they avoid calling their children of fantasy university poems and university novels. The composers, on the other hand, have already demonstrated their over-sensitivity to criticism, for when Stravinsky murmured something to the effect that a composer's place was outside not inside an institution of learning, a group of university composers banded themselves together and published their various views on this alleged attack.

These views were, in the main, somewhat distorted. Each composer regarded himself as a priceless asset to society, the quality and significance of his work never coming into question. The implication of their argument was that the world owed them a living, and that since university life is generally very pleasant they might just as well be there as anywhere else. They had to choose between fame and gutter, and they chose buns. Their appointed task was, in general, to teach theory and perhaps some composition, presumably with the intention of adding to the already swollen ranks of university composers. All of this would not be so bad if they had not given the impression of snapping angrily though ineffectively about the heels of a colossus whose contributions to the development of Western music will still be ringing in the ears of delighted listeners when the academic acrimony of his puny rivals lies buried in the bookstacks.

The wide gap between theory and practice is nowhere better proved than by the fact that so far no truly great composer has emerged from a university music department, British or American, and it seems unlikely that the pattern will change radically in the next few centuries. History does, however, show that the reverse action can often be beneficial, as when an already famous composer, able and willing to pass on to the younger generation the full measure of his artistic experience, becomes a special member of a faculty on a temporary, part-time, or permanent basis. Milhaud at Mills College, Hindemith at Yale, Schoenberg at UCLA, Bloch at Berkeley, Vaughan Williams at Cornell, and Pricker at Santa Barbara can all be regarded as instrumental in improving the teaching of music in universities. Obviously a thoroughly professional practitioner can throw new light on theory, or at least show it to be intelligible and valid; whereas the ideas of most theorists are either dyed in the wool or dead as the dodo, and consequently have no effect whatsoever upon contemporary methods of composition.

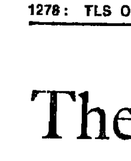
Put on their mettle, composers and theorists would assuredly have something to say about the strange research topics invented by musicologists, whom they would also censure (with some degree of justification) for failing to appreciate the kind of impact the music might make. At an international musicological convention, an elderly scholar of the Teutonic type was seen to be vigorously transcribing a piece of medieval music in the reading room of a fine old library, when an English musicologist dared to peer over his shoulder. "That should sound very good", said the Englishman in a tone of voice that was hardly intended to be patronizing; but back came the expected reply: "I don't care in the least how it sounds!" This total lack of regard for the end product of a scholarly exercise has produced, over the years, a fair crop of musical texts so full of error that there is nothing one can do except abandon them and start afresh.

If musicologists were obliged to practice what they preach, or rather perform what they transcribe, they might quickly react to the displaced lines of a contrapuntal texture, the wrong chords, and the unsatisfactory interpretation of *musica ficta*. But they are too frequently encouraged to send their work straight to the printer, who engraves it faithfully, warts and all, to the eternal mystification of all who try to perform it. In the parallel case of an academic editor who wishes to produce an annotated text of a poem, a play, or a novel in a foreign language, the general aim is to combine a scrupulously scientific accuracy of transcription with a sensible and critical approach to those passages where lacunae or errors prevail, with the result that those who read it will be impressed by its plausibility. Musicologists, on the other hand, are still cutting their fingers on those sharp dividing lines between theory and practice, usually because their background in theory is unsatisfactory and their practical outlook on music as an art could at best be described as blinkered.

In some parts of the world a clear distinction is made in colleges and conservatories between music and "applied music"—that is, between the study of counterpoint and playing the piano—and this being so it might be well if senior educational establishments offering a research programme were to demand, as a prerequisite, a course in "applied musicology". For unless it is applied with uncommon skill and intelligence there will be slavish performances of mistranscribed and poorly edited texts by singers and players who cannot be expected to know whether the music is right or wrong. A canon by J. S. Bach printed with a faulty resolution in the middle of the nineteenth century gave rise to at least one nonsensical recording (and probably many similar performances) as recently as the past decade. A liber violin sonata peppered with false chords because the editor did not understand the principle of *scordatura*—deliberate mistuning of the strings of a violin—has also been known to strike terror in the hearts of true music-lovers. A Monteverdi Magnificat for double choir has been performed countless times and recorded at least three times with two entire voice-parts missing from the second choir, one result of which is the appearance of a bass duet in the form of an audibly incomplete solo.

In all these instances, an obligatory performance before a discerning panel of judges would undoubtedly have revealed that something was seriously wrong somewhere, even if it took time to find out exactly what was wrong. The notation of music having ever been akin to the writing of hieroglyphics, it is too much to hope that errors might be struck out at proof stage, but there is nothing wrong with the idea of a trial performance. Many universities encourage the type of ensemble work known as *collegium musicum*, which could well be used as a proving-ground if the tests were backed by solid and broadly-based knowledge. But too often an amateur spirit prevails to the detriment of true scholarly aims and ideals. The latest shown is what matters. It is often said of academics that they lack the ability to make their most valuable work intelligible to the general public. There are, however, notable exceptions, and in these cases it is frequently the fault of the public (or its chosen officers) if the message is in any way diverted or distorted. At a recording session of a Haydn symphony, a well-known conductor was asked whether he knew of Robbins Landon's work on Haydn. "Who is Robbins Landon?" was the arrogant reply. Here is another extremely common kind of gap—a yawning chasm at times—between musicology of a laudably practical kind and performance of a lamentably ignorant nature. Yet the dividing line between good and bad policy remains ever a narrow one. Another example of a commendable attempt to tell the public all about the mysteries of performance practice succeeded in spawning a monster, for the book stated quite unequivocally that since a certain fresco depicted singers with strained features, all vocal music of the preclassical era should be performed in a strained manner totally devoid of vibrato. There is, of course, no reason why the fantasy of one artist among thousands, and one fresco among as many, should present a fair and accurate picture of a medieval concert. Yet the device was tried out, the public taken in, and the music duly distorted. Any musicologist acquainted with documentary evidence of medieval and Renaissance performance practice should be able to cite appearances of the term *voce tremula* (referring to vocal vibrato in a complimentary sense) in sources ranging from the eleventh-century antiphoner of Leon to the seventeenth-century diary of a German tourist in London. They all use the term, as does Praetorius, to describe a voice of remarkable beauty and purity. The perfect voice, according to Isidore of Seville (who flourished in the early part of the seventh century), should be high, sweet, and loud; high, to be adequate to the sublime; loud, to fill the ear; sweet, to soothe the minds of the hearers.

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From Russia and back

MANYA HARARI:
Memoirs: 1906-1969
316pp. Collins. £3.50.

Manya Harari was born Manya Benenson, to a rich Jewish family in Imperial Russia. So rich were they that they were allowed to live in St Petersburg on the Moika, a stone's throw from the Winter Palace. They also owned a large country estate some distance from the city (it had to be registered in the name of a non-Jewish friend).

The Benenson wide international interests led them to educate one daughter in Wiesbaden and a brother in Freiburg; but Manya herself was left in the hands of a governess until, without intending to emigrate, the family left Russia in May, 1914, when Manya was eight. A rejected mistress had thrown vitriol on her father, and German surgeons were expected best to repair the damage.

War caught the Benensons abroad. After a time mother and children escaped to benign exile in the Berkeley Hotel, London; and by the time they were reunited with their father he had been able, it seems, to salvage a substantial amount of his fortune. They prospered in London. As Manya sensibly remarks, "After all, the point of having money is that you should never be aware of its existence—we were sufficiently Russian to feel this."

After an education at Malvern Girls' College and London University she travelled, met and married her husband, Ralph Harari, and for the next ten years lived in Cairo. In 1932 she was received by Martin d'Arcy into the Catholic Church. She worked during the Second World War in the Political Intelligence Department of the Foreign Office, and at the coming of peace founded, with Marjorie Villiers, the Harvill Press.

She had found her true vocation as publisher of a comparatively few carefully chosen books, and it was largely through her work in that field, and as translator or co-translator (Pasternak, Solzhenitsyn, Sinyavsky and Evgenia Ginzburg) became known to English readers. Very shortly after her husband's death in 1969 she died, facing a painful death with splendid courage.

Memoirs: 1906-1969 is not precisely what it purports to be. Manya Harari had no time to organize her memoirs; she left an assortment of journals and the draft of some opening chapters, which have been put together by untamed editors, presumably including her son.

There is a lively section which recounts her experience as a reporter in Palestine just as the British were leaving in 1948. But the larger part of the book is also the best: three accounts of return to Russia in 1955, 1956 and 1961.

Totally fearless, she exposed herself to considerable danger, and on more than one occasion to arrest. She talked to intellectuals and peasants with equal ease, stood to no sense from bureaucrats and a forty years' absence, greeted childhood world transformed with blend of affection and frustration most beautifully conveyed.

Her own personality glows every page. She was, if touched under in the commerce of life, very remarkable woman indeed. able and perceptive to an degree, dogged when necessary refreshingly unsentimental. vitality is perhaps better in these fresh and journals than had they been revised to shape a conventional biography.

SELECTED REPRINTS
Publishing January 1973

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Protocols of 007

MORDECAI RICHLER:
Shovelling Trouble
158pp. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart. $6.95.

Mordecai Richler may have settled in London, but some of that rich velvety nap of old Hampstead folkways has blurred his Canadian edge. His latest offering may also seem something of a random collection of occasional essays, reviews and autobiographical fragments, published between 1964 and 1970, but two threads distinguish it: a vivid, obsessive recall of his own youthful generation in Montreal (the capital of Jewish Canada, in Rabbi Stuart Rosenberg's phrase); and a piercing eye for all forms of insinuating double-talk among the *goyim*.

If *The Street* (to echo Alfred Kazin) was Mr Richler's "Starting Out in the Forties", these fragments launch the aftermath—in a Paris of the GI Bill, Jacques Prévert's *Les Feuilles mortes*, the *Paris Review*, TV, jazz cellars, where anything by Genet or Samuel Beckett was still passed round from hand to hand. Here are portraits from the *ancien régime*, Cocteau holding court in Paris, E. M. Forster at King's, Gordon Craig at the café tables of Venice. But what distinguishes the narrator's voice is a constant awareness that behind Cocteau and the young sailor lurks the shadow of a father back in Montreal, enclosing Jewish calendars and warning that Rosh Hashonah come early this year. Between the coterie wisdom of *Id* and *Janus* also came letters from a kid brother ("How are things in Gay Paree?") listing the latest YMHA basketball scores. "A Sense of the Ridiculous", Mr Richler calls the piece, but the ridicule is deftly contrived to bound and rebound.

Yet ridicule can also turn to abrasive polemic when he unmasks ignorant, nasty-minded antisemitism lurking under the guise of gentlemanly fair play. This gives a peculiar force to a lengthy exhumation of Ian Fleming's thirteen novels. Their clear progenitor, he claims, is the noxious *Protocols of the Elders of Zion*, serving as a model for later dissertations on the glories of power and evil as revealed to Bond, by Goldfinger, Drax, and Blofeld. "My boys are crazy about the James Bond movies", he writes, "they identify with 007, as yet unaware that they have been cast as the villains of the drama."

DOERS AND THINKERS—3

Discordant noises in academe

BY DENIS STEVENS

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GOLLANCZ

to the performers, that would be admirable. But it is sometimes hard enough for them to make an impression on the critics, whose education ought properly to take place in a conservatory as well as a university. Without this double training, the proper assessment of music both old and new becomes a very difficult matter, and the most deplorable errors can find their way into print, of which even the most ephemeral kind is capable of influencing readers in the wrong way. For a recent concert in the framework of a great international festival, a British conductor-musicologist took the trouble to reinstate in a verse anthem by Purcell all those characteristically spicy false-relations and dissonances that had been expunged by previous generations of editors. Most of the critics, though foreign, knew enough of Purcell's style to realize that this was the way the music should have sounded, but sure enough there was one who complained bitterly of harsh discords and faulty part-writing. The situation with regard to another Baroque master, Monteverdi, is not much different, for although the majority of critics may be well informed, there is always some coxcomb willing to be led up the garden path by mis-conductors who dress up the Vespers in borrowed garments and claim that the resulting hodge-podge is authentic. They do not know the documents, the correspondence, or the liturgy of the time; yet their defective theory gives them ample licence for public malpractice, for which there are, of course, financial rewards.

The poseur, who can often move rapidly up the ladder of fame until he is found out, exists both inside and outside the ivory tower. Inside, his chief weapon is the Phd degree, the examinations and thesis being judged by a local committee of variable and uncontrollable quality. One such committee recently passed a dissertation that was so full of textual and musical solecisms that an eminent scholar, in a study of some substance passed a rhetorical question which might be summed up: "What is this six-man doctoral committee doing when the candidate obviously has no idea of musical analysis or of elementary Latin?"

This is by no means an isolated case. The discovery of a *missa in gallicantu*—Nativity Mass at dawn (cockcrow)—prompted another of these philosophically-minded gentlemen to write at length on "this remarkable Mass in the French manner of singing". A more recent and more resplendent effort is that of an editor who traces a Latin motet (text to a Sequence for a certain feast, but when we look it up (because of the perfectly ordinary flow of words) we find that he has been misled by *Sequentia sancti Evangelii secundum Lucam*—"here followeth the Gospel according to St Luke"—which has nothing at all to do with a medieval Sequence. Latin is not the only language to trip up the would-be musicologist, who far too often ventures into linguistic thickets well beyond his powers of endurance. A partial translation of a composer's correspondence, originally written in Italian, brought a volley of applause from an uncritical reviewer who praised it for its accuracy and readability. The translations were indeed readable, for the simple reason that they disregarded almost totally the meanings of words, grammatical construction of the Italian, agreement of nouns and adjectives, matters of general syntax and even of common sense. It is hardly necessary to add that the translator and his reviewer are both employed by universities.

To recapitulate in the first person, I would say that poor overall planning and imperfect focus lie at the root of all the foregoing problems. Having taught at five universities, and visited at least fifty others for long enough to observe what is happening, I am absolutely certain that little if any consideration has been given to the end-product of the production line—and by end-product I do not mean the degree but the musical literacy and versatility of the students. These unfortunates are regularly thrust into the musical world with manifestly imperfect techniques and narrow viewpoints. It is not their fault, for they are the victims of a system which has been invented for the convenience of teachers, most of whom are protected by a tenure scheme guaranteeing permanent and continuous employment regardless of the quality of their work.

I witnessed the disastrous results of this system in a university which I once visited in America. Standards were so low that the department had lost its accreditation, and when this came to the notice of the president he decided to spend a sizable sum of money on bringing four experts, in four different musical areas, to spend a few days at the university and look into this shady situation. For shady it certainly was, since students were paying for an education whose shoddiness and inadequacy they were not, at that stage in their careers, in a position to criticize. The four experts did their job thoroughly. They spoke to students, faculty, and administration; they visited classrooms and rehearsals; they pooled the sum total of their observations; they sent in a report which stated, in as many words, that the department was (with one or two exceptions) the worst they had ever come across.

Shortly after their departure, the president summoned the entire faculty to his spacious office. "Well", he said, "you know all about this report, and I hope that something can be done about it. Gentlemen, I leave it to you." He then stuffed the report into a drawer, and that was that. Nobody was retired, transferred, or dismissed. No changes in curriculum were recommended. No improvement of general standards was mentioned. Naturally, everything went on exactly as before and so continues even now, except that things are slightly worse all round. The sacrosanct faculty, immune from criticism, fortified by tenure, guided in its circuitous shuffling by a pseudo-democratic system of self-government (or self-perpetuation) never once asks the question: "How can we raise the standard of education and narrow the gap between theory and practice?"

In many universities the faculty of music is built on a bubble, especially in America where musically illiterate undergraduates are given a once-over-lightly introduction to musical culture in the name of "Humanities". Since these are usually required courses, the intake of students tends to be [illegible] reasonably constant, [illegible] the administration from [illegible] point of view and allocates [illegible] to bolster up its perso[illegible] procedure would not be [illegible] able if the students were [illegible] they most need to [illegible] gauge of music, the minis[illegible] ment of which should be [illegible] to sing at sight. With [illegible] knowledge of this language [illegible] dent can only "appreciate" [illegible] pumped at him through [illegible] as a kind of sonic soundtrack [illegible] may or may not mean anyth[illegible]

I remember being told w[illegible] fully by Sir Hugh Allen, [illegible] an undergraduate at Oxford [illegible] gramophone could be a good [illegible] but a bad master. The truth [illegible] statement is readily provable [illegible] much of our modern musical [illegible] tion, although it is much more [illegible] of British universities and [illegible] colleges that they have [illegible] given up the old-fashioned [illegible] appreciation" courses. [illegible] lags far behind in this [illegible] because musical education [illegible] is usually poor in quality, [illegible] ground culture that should be [illegible] plied by decent radio and tele[illegible] programmes is virtually non-[illegible] Not even a wizard of compos[illegible] achieve more than a one p[illegible] improvement.

Denis Stevens is Professor of Musicology at Columbia University, conducts regularly at festivals. Next week: Roll on theory and practice, Economics.

Killed by kindness

EDWARD NOONE:
Age of the Dream People
Chatto & Hutchinson. £2.75.

[illegible] had to choose a single theme [illegible] the events of the past half-[illegible]ury or so, the end of innocence [illegible] as well be among the first to [illegible] to mind. Since Europe's last [illegible] of innocence vanished in the [illegible]rs of the First World War, [illegible]ern technology and politics be[illegible] them have carried the apple [illegible]ruption to every corner of the [illegible]. The old romance of remote [illegible] has been destroyed, the old [illegible]ions of isolation have been shat[illegible] From Arabia to the Amazon, [illegible] Tibet to Tahiti, the lost tribes, [illegible]ract traditions and the dreams [illegible]discovered Edens have all [illegible]ished. The only innocence left [illegible] fleeting vision of youth [illegible] still believes that innocence [illegible]sible.

[illegible]ward Noone's little book is an [illegible]compassionate and compelling [illegible]ication of this theme. His [illegible]wn people" are the Temiar [illegible]ples of northern Malaya, so-[illegible] because their use and in-[illegible]vasion of individual dreams is [illegible] element in their traditional [illegible] life. But in the story of their [illegible]e as he tells it, we see the fate [illegible]other sorts of "dream people" [illegible]where as their fragile struc-[illegible] collapse before the twentieth-[illegible]ury bulldozers.

[illegible] the Temiar the rape began in [illegible]ade enough way, with their [illegible]ssy and early anthropological [illegible]ication just before the Second [illegible] War. But the knowledge [illegible] then was brutally exploited [illegible] first in the Japanese occupa-[illegible] of Malaya during the war and [illegible] the long struggle with the [illegible]munist insurrection that racked [illegible]aimuda for fifteen years after [illegible]war was over. The effect of this swift penetration by the outside world was to change their lives for ever.

If Mr Noone had chosen to tell the story only in such plain terms, he might have produced the sort of book that anthropologists would have read with profit but that other people would have turned away from as being too specialized for their taste. But he has turned his account into a human thriller that anyone can enjoy, by weaving it around the mysterious role of his dead elder brother, Pat, in the affairs of the Temiar people. A talented professional anthropologist and—on the evidence of this book—something of a romantic innocent himself, Pat Noone was the first outsider to investigate the Temiar. He gained their confidence, assessed the significance of their dream life, took a Temiar wife and became a tribal saviour when he persuaded the colonial Government of Malaya to declare their remote highlands a protected area in the 1930s.

During the Japanese invasion, Pat was one of a handful of Europeans who got left behind by the British rout and took to the jungle. With his experience and aborigine contacts he should have been better fitted than anyone to survive—and legends of his survival did, in fact, persist for many years. Yet somewhere, somehow, he disappeared; and for his younger and admiring brother the search for the truth about his end became a private obsession.

That search provides the narrative framework of the book, on which Mr Noone skilfully strings his account of Pat's early researches, his own introduction to Malaya and the Temiar, the events of the war and the insurrection, and their devastating effect on the aboriginal life. In the end, he discovered that Pat was murdered by one of the Temiar themselves—a man he had personally trained and trusted but for whom, eventually, the cultural conflicts proved insupportable. Significantly, the murder seems to have been inspired by jealousy over Pat's wife—an emotion that would never have been felt in the tribe in other days, but which Pat had probably fostered by his own moral outlook and which his protégé turned back fatally upon him.

It is a tale full of the moral ambiguities, ironies and dilemmas that accompany the end of innocence everywhere. Not least are those that surround the author's own role. As adviser on aborigine affairs to General Templer during the emergency, Mr Noone himself played a part in the rape of his dream people by exploiting his professional knowledge of them to try to repair some of the damage done to their life and psyche by the harsh demands of other people. And now, as the tribal expert in the Department of Counter-Insurgency and Counter-Subversion in SEATO, which is his current portentous title, he cannot resist pointing at least one topical moral:

In Malaya, we showed how the communists could be countered and beaten. It was done by getting to know and love the jungle folk, by giving them a square deal, and by winning their support... I recommend it to the free world.

With the example of Vietnam still before us, where that lesson seems never to have been properly learnt, he is probably right to say as much. Yet the ultimate irony remains—that in "getting to know and love the jungle folk" we may destroy their life as surely as if we hate them. The book itself shows how, with its photographs of modern hospitals, schools, and flying doctors ministering to the lucky dream people of today. This is love, if you like, and practicality, too—and no doubt it is especially effective as the tactics of counter-insurgency. But it involves the end of innocence just as much as the brutality of the Japanese or the indoctrination of the Communists. In the world-wide battle for hearts and minds—or whatever we like to call our current global conflicts—there is simply no escape any more, anywhere. All the world's dream people have been well and truly raped, as much by good as by evil; and from that fate, as any virgin knows, there is no hope of return.

Ava annexed

A. T. Q. STEWART:

The Pagoda War

Lord Dufferin and the Fall of the Kingdom of Ava, 1885-6

191pp. Faber and Faber. £3.

In a little over a fortnight, in late 1885, the British captured Mandalay and put an end to the independent existence of the Kingdom of Upper Burma. On January 1, 1886, Upper Burma was annexed by the British and, together with the existing British possessions in Burma, Arakan, Tenasserim and Lower Burma, became a new province of the British Indian Empire.

The actual campaign against the forces of the Burmese King Thibaw was surprisingly bloodless. Even casualties from disease, dysentery and cholera, were far lower than was usual in colonial wars of that period. While the pacification of the remoter portions of the new Burmese possessions took several years and was far from cheap, yet the initial conquest was, on any assessment, extraordinarily efficient in its execution. The Viceroy of India, the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava, whose war it was, had good cause to be proud of his achievement.

Despite these obvious elements of success, Lord Dufferin's Burma War has tended over the years to receive a rather bad press. Some of the reasons for this are outlined in *The Pagoda War*. This episode in British Imperial history is probably today better remembered in England because it influenced some lines of Kipling's about Mandalay and the way thither than for anything else. Modern historians of empire find the war rather distasteful because they see it either as the outcome of rivalry between two imperialist capitalist powers, Britain and France, who took no heed for the interests of the Burmese; or, which may be worse, they conclude that here was a clear case of the flag being advanced in the interests of commerce. Lord Dufferin acting at the instigation of British merchants in Rangoon who saw profit in the overthrow of the Mandalay kingdom. There is much substance in both these charges, as A. T. Q. Stewart explains.

Another aspect of the annexation of Upper Burma which has been much criticized is the fact that it resulted in the union of Burma with British India. This question, with its implications that fall outside Dr Stewart's period, is treated in passing; but Dr Stewart makes it quite plain that Lord Dufferin himself was by no means enthusiastic about annexation—indeed he had only embarked upon the war at all with considerable reluctance. Dufferin, in the end, accepted annexation and the termination of the Burmese monarchy because of the weight of administrative arguments emanating from India and political arguments from men like Lord Randolph Churchill and the members of British chambers of commerce. Modern opinion would probably agree that Dufferin's instinct was right. As the doyen of British historians of South-East Asia, Professor D. G. E. Hall, has put it, "Britain's greatest mistake in dealing with Burma was to attach the country to the Indian empire."

Not only has the policy leading to the Burma war been much criticized, but also the reputations of many of the participants have been subjected to violent attack. The military leadership has been accused of gross incompetence, and much has been made of certain atrocity stories, notably the account of the obsession on the part of Colonel Hooper, the Provost Marshal of the British forces in Burma, for taking photographs of condemned prisoners at the very moment of their death by firing squad. Dr Stewart shows that there was a great deal of exaggeration here, most of it stemming from the malicious and extremely self-interested reporting of the correspondent of *The Times*, Edward Kyran Moylan, who from this account certainly does not emerge as a worthy representative of that newspaper.

On two counts in particular *The Pagoda War* deserves notice. In the first place, it is an excellent piece of writing about Oriental history by an author who makes no claim whatsoever to be an orientalist. Dr Stewart is mainly concerned with the British side; but his account of the Burmese point of view is entirely credible. In the second place, Dr Stewart, as he admits in his preface, approaches his story from what at first sight might seem a rather improbable starting-point—namely, Ireland. Yet by the time the reader has finished with *The Pagoda War* he can hardly escape the conclusion that the Irish Question was so pervasive an element in late nineteenth-century British political life that its influence penetrated even to such remote corners of the globe as the upper reaches of the Irrawaddy. One wonders how much more of the history of the British Empire can be written with Ireland in mind. Dr Stewart, of The Queen's University of Belfast, and the author of an admirable account of the Ulster crisis of 1910-14, is clearly a man well equipped to experiment further in this direction.

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Bearding Stravinsky

ERNEST ANSERMET:
Ecrits sur la musique
Edited by Jean-Claude Piguet.
251pp. Neuchâtel: A la Baconnière.

Towards the end of his career as a conductor Ernest Ansermet, renowned for his exploratory spirit, became increasingly disillusioned. It was not that he was reverting to some kind of conservative security. He was aware, though he never allowed himself to confess it, that an unpredictable explosion was threatening the whole basis of our musical civilization. Ansermet, who had been a professional mathematician, thereupon advocated in his two-volume work, *Les Fondements de la musique dans la conscience humaine*, a return to a mathematical basis of music, to classical tonality in fact, launching at the same time a powerful onslaught on musical sham. Unfortunately, this most commendable crusade collapsed. Ansermet could not bring himself to admit that, despite a return to the old order in Britten and his compatriot Frank Martin, tonality had been irretrievably shattered.

A more rewarding glimpse into Ansermet's mind is provided by *Ecrits sur la musique*, a collection of his essays assembled by Jean-Claude Piguet. They include Ansermet's changing views of Stravinsky, an assessment of Debussy, whom he had met through their Swiss friend Robert Godet, an analysis of the vogue of Schoenberg, whose annihilating methods recall the devastating notions of his political contemporaries, a penetrating essay on the choreographic art of the conductor—Ansermet was a cosmopolitan figure who, though drawn to French and Russian developments, derived his technique from Mottl, Nikisch and Weingartner—and an unexpected and most illuminating sketch for an autobiography.

"Tell your editor", Ansermet declared to a tiresome interviewer, "that you have met a conductor who is unable to recount a single anecdote." Indeed, musical journalists found him hopeless. Yet how publishers must reproach themselves for not having extracted from Ansermet his highly individual views of the twentieth-century scene! Without a doubt he had in him to produce the musical equivalent of the Goncourt Journal. He reported, for instance, that Diaghilev told him in the 1920s that "everything I'm doing now is rubbish". Ballet historians who look to Diaghilev as a prophet of later developments will be amazed by this cynical confession. Yet Diaghilev was the opposite of a cynic. The fact is that from *Le Chant du rossignol* onwards Diaghilev, as Ansermet explains, was increasingly becoming a victim of his search for novelty, an opinion shared by Stravinsky, and also by Debussy for whom Diaghilev was "the creator of the aesthetic of the fashion shop".

Ansermet was Stravinsky's earliest promoter, unrelentingly condemning him, however, in later years. He believed that Stravinsky wrecked his earlier works by his subsequent awkward re-orchestrations. He suggests, though he does not say so, that Stravinsky, acting in this way, became the Meyerbeer or the Spontini of his age—that is to say, a composer hunting success an every level. We know that Stravinsky never forgave Ansermet for proclaiming this disturbing insight into his musical nature, an insight increasingly obvious [illegible] today. Indeed, according [illegible] account, Stravinsky's fur[illegible] the threat, which was [illegible] achieved by means of a [illegible] of pastry cream, of publicly [illegible]ing Ansermet of his glorious [illegible] cut beard.

M Piguet does not allow [illegible] whole of Ansermet's publish[illegible] ings. Other collections [illegible] assembled, one hopes, includ[illegible] letters, models of lucidity and [illegible] as may be gathered from a [illegible] reproduction of a letter [illegible] friend Felix Aprahamian [illegible] when these additions are [illegible] we may look forward to our [illegible] most radical commentators on [illegible] twentieth-century musical [illegible] vealing the progress made [illegible] sonorous art from music [illegible] we still know relatively [illegible] sound, of which we are beg[illegible] know something more, and [illegible] tually to noise, a musical [illegible] which we may clearly claim [illegible] the experts.

Scratch requiem

CORNELIUS CARDEW (Editor):
Scratch Music
129pp. Latimer. £3 (paperback, £1.60).

"Scratch Music is dead", remarks Cornelius Cardew introducing his collection of eccentric Scratch Orchestra activities with perhaps the neatest evasion of all. There is no easier way of persuading a sympathetic reader that your cause was once alive, than to announce it has died. Straight away the matter passes into history, and its very lifelessness strengthens the illusion of relinquished vitality.

Barely two years separate the conception of "Scratch Music" and its premature termination in August, 1971. The shortness of span owes less to the accelerated pace of contemporary developments than to its stresses. Bravado, inarticulateness, indolence and a lack of humour are all symptoms of a mental exhaustion at the complexity of contemporary life and music, that seems to have afflicted the Scratch Orchestra from the outset. "Mean quietly and sadly, mouth open", appears on one page [illegible] consciously exquisite high [illegible] "Why should I have to [illegible] such hard work?" asks one [illegible] tributor, laying his [illegible] up" table. Musical values [illegible] ideas themselves are so [illegible] derivative that the few [illegible] memorable attract suspicion [illegible] than approval. One has only [illegible] about the authorship of the [illegible] "Climb up/survey the [illegible] cend/survey the heavens [illegible] appears on page "y" [illegible] dew's hand. No such confusion [illegible] in the case of the [illegible] page "F", however. The [illegible] vious copies, and badly made [illegible] illustrated.

To the more cynical reader [illegible] dissipation of creative energy [illegible] political bickering may have [illegible] pressingly familiar ring. For [illegible] being a radical restructuring [illegible] musical situation, the Scratch [illegible] Orchestra's statutory dissolution [illegible] ordinary musical values, and [illegible] generated concern for social [illegible] tion express a troublingly [illegible] order of priorities. In this [illegible] failure of Scratch Music [illegible] seen as simply another [illegible] the debilitating affect [illegible] amateurism.

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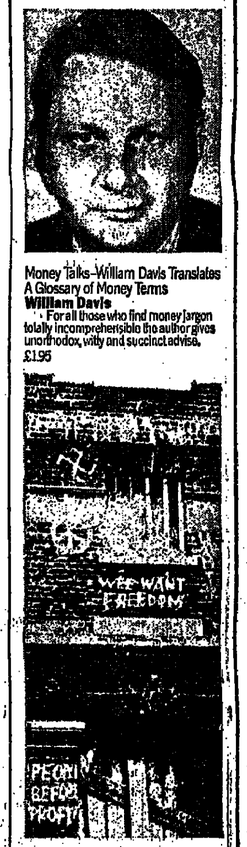
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The criminals of the road

ROGER HOOD with K. W. ELLIOTT and ERYL SHIRLEY:

Sentencing the Motoring Offender

244pp. Heinemann Educational. £3.50.

Little did those Edwardian gentlemen, who, when suffocated by the dust-clouds raised by the horseless carriages, hurled execrations about the "infernal combustion machine", know what was in store for their grandchildren and great-grandchildren. The wealthy automobilist, who paid—in today's money—between £5,000 and £6,000 for his unreliable, under-powered vehicle, was either labelled as a vulgar *nouveau riche*, or alternatively as someone whose deviant eccentricity belied his breeding. But nothing, it seems, could have quelled the motor car in its remorseless development; its consequences have entries on both sides of the social balance sheet. On the positive side there are the social changes that it has produced, including increased physical mobility and freedom for the less affluent, while on the negative side there is a terrible reckoning, in terms not merely of noise and pollution, but of violence, damage, and death. The cost of vehicle collisions and "accidents", as they are generally and euphemistically termed, runs into millions of pounds, while two-thirds of the time of the criminal courts is taken up in dealing with motoring offenders.

The criminal behind the wheel has steadily improved his position since the time when Kenneth Grahame could lampoon the magistracy in his description of the trial and sentence of Mr Toad: "Toad the Terror, Toad the traffic queller, the Lord of the lone trail before whom *all* must give way or be smitten into nothingness and everlasting night." For a series of offences, including taking and driving away without the consent of the owner, "furious driving" and cheeking the rural police, that affluent country gentleman was sentenced to no less than a round twenty years.

As motorists have grown in number, and their offences with them, so the criminal on the road has moved towards a position of privilege. In the whole field of delinquent endeavour there can be no group who may destroy property or inflict injury, including death, with so little fear either of litigation in tort or of criminal prosecution. And when prosecutions do take place, the consequences of criminal guilt do not even begin to match those attendant on other forms of crime. He who kills in a drunken brawl risks a long sentence of imprisonment for manslaughter, up to life; he who kills while driving in a drunken state cannot get more than the five years prescribed for the special offence of causing death by dangerous driving. Indeed, the majority of homicidal motorists who are convicted are dealt with by fines which may be as low as £25.

Even conviction is not certain. While Barbara Castle's Breathalyser Law has reduced the acquittals for drunken driving (from nearly 45 per cent of those going to jury trial) to negligible proportions, the acquittal rate for motorized homicide is nearly three times that for ordinary manslaughter. What is more important is that only a proportion of motoring offences are actually prosecuted. Damage to other vehicles, speeding, dangerous driving, driving while disqualified, driving without insurance, with vehicles in an unroadworthy state, or with insecure loads, failing to stop after accidents—all these are part of the whole cavalcade of behaviour which constitutes selfish and thoughtless disregard for the rights of others perpetrated on the roads every day.

Various theories have been advanced to explain how it is that the motoring offender is not only leniently treated, but that his offences are defined in such a way by society that conviction carries none of the stigma attaching to other instances of conviction for crime. One is that the motorist, unlike the average thief, burglar, or violent offender, is middle-class, just like those who have to try him and sentence him. "There, but for the grace of God ...." is a feeling supposed to affect magistrates, judges, and jurymen. It is a plausible explanation for the behaviour of juries, who are not averse to allowing their views about the possible penalty to affect their decisions about guilt or innocence. Judges and magistrates might be expected to be more objective, but while magistrates, who deal with the vast bulk of motoring crime, find mostly for the prosecution, their sentences, like those of the judges, demonstrate a leniency which is in stark contrast to those meted out to other offenders, even petty ones.

Another line of argument suggests that offences committed by drivers are so often infringements of statutory regulations that the perceived element of *mens rea* is greatly diminished, even where it ought to be otherwise. The offence thus becomes something which the offender may regret, but which was somehow "unavoidable". In this way the consequences of careless driving become defined as an "accident". The question of whether conviction for a statutory offence, even where it involves strict liability, should carry a low degree of public disapproval when the harm done is serious seems unlikely to make its way to the forefront of jurisprudential debate; in practical terms, a driving licence is a licence to do a lot more than just drive.

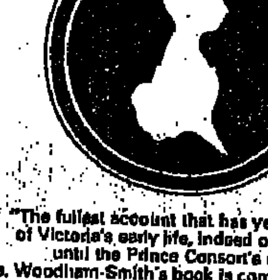
Sentencing the Motoring Offender sets out to explore some of the most interesting issues involved in this area of crime. Unlike T. C. Willett, whose *Criminal on the Road* was a pioneering study, Roger Hood takes as his starting-point not the offenders but the magistrates who sentence them. He is no stranger to the problems of the sentencing policies of the lower courts, and he is concerned here to examine not merely the attitudes of the bench to particular motoring offences, but also the variations that exist, since the cry against a lack of uniformity in sentencing is as persistent as it is usually ill-informed. It is interesting that he planned his basic strategy together with Professor Willett, and from a methodological point of view the study is an exemplary model. Courts were chosen from three areas within a thirty-mile radius of Reading, Burton-upon-Trent, and Durham. It is admitted that this could not produce a truly representative sample, but the variations between the regions, each of which contained both rural and urban areas (including large cities) go some way to meeting this objection.

Dr Hood's most valuable work is to look at the magistrates, and what emerges should be equally relevant to understanding sentencing policy in respect of other types of offence as well as those of the motoring variety. In terms of social class he discovered that, although the number of people with independent means on the bench has declined since the Royal Commission survey of 1946-48, this has been matched by an increase in those with professional backgrounds. The increase in women on the bench, from 22 to 30 per cent, has solidified the middle-class character of the magistracy. In general they still tend to be heavily involved in politics and local affairs. Half were Conservatives, just under a third Labour, and about 10 per cent Liberal in their voting intentions. Sixty-one per cent were party members, just over half Conservative party members. Application of the Eysenck Personality Inventory showed them to be a stable group, 70 per cent below the mid point of the neuroticism scale and 73 per cent below the mid point on the extraversion scale. On the radical/conservative, tough-minded/tender-minded scale, most seem to come out as tender-minded. Only 11 per cent come out as tough- conservatives—veering, as Dr puts it, "towards right-wing views".

When it comes to thinking motoring offences, the ma seems caught by the dile society's own ambivalence were aware of *mens rea*, but put it,

> I don't accept the initial that there is a distinction be crimes and motoring offence if you want a general answ head says "yes" but my says "no". I'm loath to pu into this category, but I'm they are.

To examine their sentencing tice, there was an ingenious simulation which made up for difficulties stemming from the tion in the field. Dr Hood is an advocate of the "senten exercise", and he recommends more attention should be give the way in which magistrates their sentencing trade and the local benches develop their p It may well be that this phe non, together with the way in magistrates interact with another in court and in the re room, may provide the most able line of research to em from this study. It has taken years from pilot stage to pu tion, but it is valuable for a In the long run it will probab cited as a study of the lower of the judiciary rather than of the sentencing of mo offenders. One can only wish th comparable study could be mad the higher courts.



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Hamish Hamilton

Making room for language

R. HARRE and P. F. SECORD:

The Explanation of Social Behaviour

327pp. Oxford: Blackwell. £3.75.

The Explanation of Social Behaviour makes very large claims. It sets out to provide a systematic statement of a new paradigm for work in the social sciences, which will overthrow the mechanistic model supposedly dominant hitherto. It does not presume to be entirely or even largely original, but to set out with clarity what others have been obscurely muttering in different corners of the field. The case for this new paradigm is made with particular reference to social psychology and, within that discipline, to the theory of cognitive dissonance.

It must be said, first of all, that the book is oddly loaded. The area of concern is clearly supposed to be social science in general and the object of criticism is mechanistic models of the human person relying on notions of stimulus-response and on statistical statements of the variables involved in controlled experiments. Yet the actual focus is almost entirely on social psychology, which is indeed the *only* area where such models have achieved anything like dominance. The diseased methodology and perverse scientific metaphysic of social psychology receives a most thoroughgoing critique, while the fact that most of the other social sciences are and have been influenced by other paradigms is ignored. The vast literature in these other social sciences concerning the special character of *Geisteswissenschaften*, cumulating over a century or more, is just passed by. There is no reference to Dilthey, Weber or Schutz; Peter Berger, Robert Merton and Talcott Parsons are as though they had never been. Not even Homans appears in the index. How *can* you conduct a discussion of this kind ignoring the practice and theory of historical explanation, the vast range of anthropological approaches, the varieties of psychiatry, the specialized perspectives employed in economics, the development of role and action theory in sociology? In this company the peculiar addiction to a mechanistic positivism in academic psychology is small beer indeed.

And yet this is a very good book, most thoroughly argued and beautifully, if repetitively, structured. Basically it suggests what linguistic philosophy could do for social psychology in showing how it is scientifically respectable to treat people as though they were human beings, whose characteristics are displayed in the richness of their everyday life and language. In this it differs somewhat from the similar exercise of Peter Winch in *The Idea of a Social Science*, which aimed to show that linguistic philosophy made sociology otiose. Man, claim R. Harré and P. F. Secord, is a rule-following being, uniquely aware of his own self-monitoring activities and having the quite special power of language. Analysis of language, therefore, is of peculiar usefulness in penetrating the dense nexus of rules and conventions which are the key to explanation in human conduct. Whereas conventional laboratory experiments provide only artificial and often distorting milieux for limited investigations of a statistical kind, analysis of linguistic usage and of the immense variety of episodes in which human beings are *active* and *purposeful* participants yields genuine explanations. The authors do not deny a place for laboratory experiments concentrating on external stimulus and passive response, nor do they ignore the complex overlap between, on the one hand, citations of the causal conditions bearing on behaviour and, on the other, the giving of reasons and justifications for meaningful actions and intentions. What they do assert is the primacy and relevance for social science of the realm of rules and meanings, human plans and purposes.

In so doing some queries arise, partly because the authors concentrate so much on one tiny area of social science. For instance, a great deal of research is empirical and sometimes also statistical without at all implying a mechanistic theory of man. Political sociology employs a complex heuristic in which there are varied elements: habit and interest as well as the search for cultural identity and for a structure of meaning. And these elements are fed into a wider net of institutional analysis which concerns itself with the dynamics of large-scale structures like nation, class and bureaucracy. To restore human beings for the purposes of social psychology gives us little assistance in all the varied layers of operation *above* the level of the individual.

However, the authors do make some interesting suggestions positive side. They are conce to provide a series of concep models to be laid alongside the ous concrete episodes of social to see what illumination they vide, either singly or in combin They put forward a 'liturgical' where conventions safegua "sacred" entity and which usually cooperative, a games where competition is normally dominant mode, a "routine" (car-servicing, for example) entertainments model (like a tune). Perhaps the key cha that elaborating a dramat perspective. Here the basic the exploitation of analogies dramatic categories: kinds of types of characters, varieties script, production and dire differing relationships of and performers, modes of pres the self and of presenting th strategies of concealment and A crucial source here is the Erving Goffman, one of those mutterings the authors aim within a coherent framework.

This book is to be recom in spite of its glaring omissions control of intellectual remarkably secure, and a fierce light is thrown on the dark of supposedly scientific psy which reflects even on those areas the authors ignore. The of imaginative intellectual tion in the natural scie thoroughly understood and illustrated. This leads authors what is perhaps the central tion of the book: that the tic determinism which has adopted in psychology derive a discredited model of originally constructed by sophers. Social psychologists knew enough philosophy to led: this book, by a philosopher a social psychologist, aims educate them.

Mechanistic determinism one truly scientific mode *coup de grâce*; other forms of ricism remain, however, and tute tougher objects of attack. haps that is why they were After all, one cannot believe authors were merely ignorant them. They might even whether comprehensive change is an appropriate advance in the social sciences, may be just another way they differ from the sciences.

Met report

OLF BING:

Nights at the Opera

Hamish Hamilton. £4.

udolf Bing, general manager of Metropolitan Opera for twenty-years, talked for some time setting down his memoirs—he talked for some time about ing down from his post. Last he finally retired; and now, months later, we have his rs. It was apparently never ded that Bing (as he is still in America, despite the hood) should write them him-. At first, his literary midwife was Francis Robinson, the Metro-n's suavely affable and articu-assistant manager in charge of relations. But that collabora-soon ran into stormy weather, the task of putting Sir Rudolf's story into words eventually fed upon Martin Mayer, an ex-enced American journalist help is acknowledged in the ord.

material has been expertly ed. The book opens with a er describing how Sir Rudolf the Metropolitan job. Then it acks to his apprentice years in and his steady climb up the erial ladder by way of Darm-Berlin, Glyndebourne, and urgh. The early Metropolitan ars dealt with chronologically. when that approach begins to earisome, the season-by-season ive gives way to a series of ers on such matters as the labour relations, the problem tracting first-rate conductors, difficulties of running a major house without government y and so on.

e first third of the book, up to including the Metropolitan ointment, is of particular in-. Sir Rudolf fell into his through a succession of almost ian happenings. He meant to publishing, but the Viennese book dealer for whom he was working as a teenager happened to start a concert agency and transferred him to the new department. That led in turn to a job with an agency in Berlin and to a meeting with Carl Ebert, a matinee idol who was starting a new career as director of the opera house in Darmstadt and who happened to be looking for an assistant. Six years later, when Rudolf Bing was at a loose end in Vienna after being obliged to leave Nazi Germany, Ebert brought him to England for the first season at Glyndebourne (1934). The Glyndebourne connexion lasted for fifteen years (allowing for a three-year hiatus at Peter Jones during the war) and eventually led to the creation of the Edinburgh Festival. Finally, Rudolf Bing just happened to be in New York in 1949 at the very moment when the Metropolitan board was casting about for a new general manager.

However coincidentally it happened, Sir Rudolf certainly mastered his profession. Day after day, seven times a week (twice on Saturdays), the Metropolitan curtain would go up on time to reveal a production that was always respectable, if not always galvanic. Sir Rudolf points with justifiable pride to the fact that the curtain failed to rise only three times during his twenty-two year tenure—and those were all national emergencies beyond even his expert control. No one can deny the man's accomplishments as an operatic administrator.

Nor should we belittle his artistic achievements. Today, at a distance of two decades, it is easy to forget the revolution in operatic production which he effected at the Metropolitan. The Margaret Webster *Don Carlos* and, even more, the Alfred Lunt *Così fan tutte* established new standards at a house previously noted for its largely improvisatory approach to staging. Alas, not everything was up to this level. Perhaps Sir Rudolf attempted to do too much himself. Early in his career, watching the constant tug of war between Ebert and Karl Böhm at Darmstadt, he decided that "an opera house must have one head, that a general manager must never give away any of his ultimate authority to a musical director". One wonders. Perhaps a co-director might have saved him from such gaffes as engaging Jean-Louis Barrault to stage *Carmen* after it had become quite apparent from his earlier *Faust* that the French actor-manager's formidable talents did not extend to the production of opera.

Considering Sir Rudolf's reputation for elegant wit and the rapier retort, his book is singularly mild. Some of the keenness comes through—"Like the soprano Sena Jurinac, [Kempe] was always either too happy to come or too unhappy to come"—but in this valedictory chronicle he is clearly turning the other cheek. There is handsome and astute praise for Maria Callas and Herbert von Karajan, both of whom gave Sir Rudolf an inordinate amount of trouble.

The book is curiously reticent about one of the most contentious issues of Sir Rudolf's administration: the fate of the old Metropolitan Opera House. In spite of pleas from preservationists and musicians the world over, Sir Rudolf and the Metropolitan board were adamant about pulling down the old house as soon as the new one was ready for occupancy. Today Sir Rudolf acknowledges that "one could not step into that house without a feeling of excitement". Quite so. Is it possible that he now wonders whether the $50m spent on the new house might better have been used rehabilitating the old? Certainly, most of Sir Rudolf's major troubles—with the board, the labour unions, and the public—date from the time he moved to that mammoth and soulless edifice at Lincoln Center. Appropriately, his publishers have put a photo of the old Met on the dust jacket.

in pan analysis

WILDER:

ican Popular Song

reat Innovators, 1900-1950

d by James T. Maher

Oxford University Press.

ican popular songs have dominated popular music for most of century, not only in America, throughout a great part of the American songwriters have ed the raw material for such singers as Bing Crosby, Sinatra, Billie Holiday, Ella rald and Peggy Lee; for the jazz improvisers, and for com-arrangers from the Modern Quartet through Nelson Riddle rence Welk and Mantovani.

world of "serious" music taken little notice. George win alone is acknowledged, that largely because of his ons into "serious" music hapsody in Blue, *Concerto in American in Paris* and *Porgy* ess. The names of Irving Jerome Kern, Richard Rodg-Cole Porter and, stretching it a Harold Arlen are familiar, as y of their songs. But few e the songwriting profession state with any confidence or acy just which songwriter what song.

are a number of reasons. certainly, is a common ption that writing popular is an easy hack job, and that popular song is an ephemeral tailored to passing plebeian here today and gone tomor-. The assumption has persisted the fact that most popular never achieve popularity— were deposited for copy-in the period covered by Alec and despite the fact that of the most popular have now for forty, fifty and even years. This is more than can be said of most "classical" music composed since, say, 1920.

Another reason is the fact that song writers, even those working in the theatre, have rarely been their own orchestrators, and this at a time when mastery of instrumentation has been commonly thought of as a craft indispensable for anyone claiming to be a composer, and instrumentation itself, by the composer himself, as inseparable from the art of composition. The piano accompaniments to their songs as they appear on the printed page in sheet music, moreover, are undistinguished and uncomplicated, kept that way by publishers intent on making the songs accessible to the moderately accomplished suburban amateur.

Still another problem has been the very popularity and familiarity of many of the songs, which has obliterated any awareness or remembrance of authorship. This problem is compounded by the disinclination of disc jockeys, singers and instrumentalists to identify the composer when programming or announcing a song.

Mr Wilder's book is a pioneer attempt to sort things out and set them right. As a veteran American composer deeply versed and widely experienced in both popular and classical music he is admirably qualified for the job. He seeks to demonstrate that among songwriters, as among other composers, there are the superb, the good and the indifferent, and that with the superb and the very good we are dealing with creative craftsmanship of a high order.

He finds such composers primarily among those who have written exclusively or mostly for the theatre: Berlin, Kern, Gershwin, Rodgers, Porter and Arlen; secondarily among those who have written for films—and most of the theatre composers have written for both. In a chapter called "The Great Craftsmen" he singles out a dozen pop songwriters who, he believes, have, from time to time, attained true distinction; and, finally, he discusses individual songs by a number of composers who either wrote very little or only rarely transcended the ordinary.

Mr Wilder's procedure is structural, melodic, harmonic, and rhythmic analysis, drawing upon 3,500 printed bars of copyright music. It is not for the lay reader. Only those capable of hearing music mentally as they read it will be able to get anything out of this book away from the piano. But the analysis is brilliantly accomplished, and the author's exegesis of the melodic, harmonic, rhythmic and structural adventure and ingenuity of these composers at their best will come as a revelation to those who have previously thought of the American songwriter as merely a clever tunesmith.

There are disappointments. No lyrics accompany the musical examples, and so one of the songwriters' most distinctive and characteristic accomplishments, the setting of American English, goes by default. Too little attention is paid to the contribution of performers, both singers and instrumentalists, in giving songs their ultimate shape, or shapes, or to what it is in these songs that has made them yield such a stunning variety of interpretation in performance. And the copyright prohibition of printing a complete song as an example is distressing, a handicap both to the author and his reader.

There are perceptive introductory and summary appreciations of each of the principal composers, revealing Mr Wilder as an astute and literate critic. And Mr Wilder's own infectious enthusiasm may well carry the lay reader through passages he may not wholly grasp. *American Popular Song* is a notable and overdue contribution to our evaluation of Western music in the twentieth century.

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Viewpoint

BY ALAN PRYCE-JONES

I GENERALLY wake early, and sometimes in a comfortable frame of mind. Those are the mornings on which I have nothing much to do, or at least no sense of rush.

There are other mornings, too: mornings preceded by a letter (first) and then a telegram. Like a noose, a deadline impends; and in order not to hang myself at the thought of it, I have to break into a flurry of activity. Two of the pictures are crooked; we are out of bleach, saffron and turmeric: commodities seldom actively needed, but today essential. The varnish shall be stripped from the pine bookcases which it has defaced for years. I might even pay a bill or two. Anything rather than do what must be done.

For years I have suffered; for years sat down at midnight to do what might have been done with ease by daylight. And if I take comfort at all it is because, in my determination not to write, I decided the other morning to read; and fell on that admirable, too-short book, Desmond MacCarthy's *Memories*.

They are prefaced by Cyril Connolly's dashing portrait of the author, the verbal equivalent of a McEvoy, a Jacques-Emile Blanche. Two fellow-sufferers, I remembered, two immortal procrastinators: what luck that one should write about the other. And then I fell on this (it is Cyril Connolly speaking): "Sloth is the mark, in many artists, of a conflict between genius and talent, the broken surface water where two deep opposing currents meet."

I appear respectable again, riding the waves of sloth towards some climax as dramatic as the twenty-foot tidal drop at St John, in the Bay of Fundy. For forty-five minutes, in that New Brunswick harbour, between the ebb and flow of the tide, a ship can traverse the gorge between river and harbour. Forty-five minutes and no more. Just about the time taken by a bout of activity between spells of *accidie*.

"I feel," said Rose Macaulay, describing her own reaction to one such spell, "like a toad under a stone." It is among the tribulations of sloth that the victim thinks himself unique. Nobody ever had such symptoms: the need to lie down coupled with a restless inability to do so, eyes that prick, a hypoliss brain which will not filter the simplest sentence, above all an emptiness needing to be filled by stratagem—reading (the sovereign antidote to writing), busy-ness, health anxieties. All that is needed to dispel this phantasmagoria is a single act: that of sitting down and beginning work. So easy, so impossible, a gesture.

* * *

When I was young I used to be contemptuous of sloth. I often had to keep messengers from *The Observer* quiet while J. C. Squire, on a wicker chair in the Temple Bar, filled pages with his loping, unmanageable script, and fortified his resolution with some fresh dietary whim. One week it would be nothing but claret (good for bowling), the next beer (good for fellowship); and then the whisky would flood back, again like the Bay of Fundy, and the writing turned slower and more rococo than ever.

Why could he not be like his friend Edward Shanks, and throw off a neat, starched piece, written well on time no doubt, and totally decorous in look as well as content?

Well, he couldn't. And nowadays I like his memory the better for it. I perceive that what we want in ourselves and our friends are two stubborn irreconcilables: strict professional competence and the amateur's infectious gusto; on the one hand the weight and balance of John Stuart Mill, on the other the relish of Daisy Ashford.

"Of course", writes Cyril Connolly of Desmond McCarthy, "like many idle people, he was forced by the roundabout methods induced by his laziness into greater exertion than if he had been the efficient servant of his will." So are we all. We have the devil of a time filling the days, in order not to achieve anything.

It is easier for Europeans to indulge in *accidie* than for Americans. Americans, however abandoned, never lose their conscience. They can drown it, deny it, mislead it, but it is always there, like a hidden keel, to right the boat—except in a case of utter shipwreck.

* * *

Among Europeans, on the other hand, sloth is only the reverse side of a native quality, a quality which can be seen at its most attractive in the sunset years of the nineteenth century. Most people, most young people anyway, led limited lives. They were overshadowed by their parents, they belonged to a society on the surface narrow and timid. But to some there came the moment of emancipation. Roger Fry met McTaggart at Clifton, Bertrand Russell at Cambridge met G. E. Moore. And even today, when personal relationships are at a discount, there is something indestructible about the web spun by their talk and the talk of their friends, in Oxford, in Bloomsbury, wherever clever men and women found time to discover one another.

There is much that is irritating to posterity about these communions. Perhaps we are jealous: less of Victorian certainties than of the more fascinating obliquities which followed a generation later, to Garsington with Lady Ottoline, or Ham Spray with Carrington. But it is undeniable that the most attractive personalities in Europe before the Second World War are secluded behind a veil of talk—a veil which hid the harsh realities of the continent from Croisset to Duino. And talk, after all, is only a crystallization of sloth. It gleams, it goes; hours have passed, and all there is to show for them is a slight rearrangement of the atmosphere.

In America it is not like that. "What you, as an Englishman, must miss here is good conversation", said some severe Bostonian lady to me one evening. The words struck a chill. Good conversation is not something to be sought out, or even to be noticed. It simply occurs, and is seen later to have been good. The late Princess Antoine Bibesco set such store by good talk that she was said to go out to dinner equipped with memoranda inscribed on a small card. When the Eastern Question had been exhausted it was time, she could see from a glance in her bag, to start a comparison between Sarah Bernhardt and the Duse. It had all been confected in her bath; and certainly she talked very well indeed.

But how much better when talk acknowledges its connexion with sloth; when it jettisons memoranda and veers about as it may. One of the reasons why American talk is not better—as a rule, for exceptionally is can be splendid—is that conventional Americans have been brought up to think it had manners to express opinion, with the result that they sound bland, and those in reaction against them rude.

It is a tenable view that the highest skill in a civilization is that of wasting time to effect. The very word "civilization" suggests a silver rather than a golden age; it is not for their civilization that we esteem the Elizabethans. Only silver ages can afford to fritter, and it is to silver ages that the historically-minded return with nostalgia. In an age like our own there is very little frittering. Young people do not pull the leg of society, as they used to; they march right out of it.

So that sloth may be on the decline. You can be slothful only if you are aware of an alternative which, for the time being, you reject. And in order either to adopt or to reject, you must care, you must sharpen your perceptions. Whereas everything in modern life tends to blunt perception rather than to sharpen it.

* * *

And so, in the arts, we have a fallow period. Things are not planned to endure. It is not that we are lazy, still less that we suffer more bitterly from *accidie*, which is a moukish disease and therefore presupposes at least a background of what Dr Norman Vincent Peale calls "positive thinking".

We can say, with reason, that there is more than enough in the world already of finished things: books, pictures, symphonies, buildings. Why add to them, except when utility demands it? Better to do a little necessary work, as [illegible] possible, and then sit back, relax, without guilt, or [illegible] enjoy the tactile joys of life. Theatre fashion, writing [illegible] allowed to see clearly what is up to.

And yet we do not do as our ancestors when it came to making a work of art. The principles may look, to us, [illegible] their enthusiasm, naive. But by sloth except in moments creation, they had a wonderful. Their driving force was to something as good and as [illegible] possible; when the difficulties they took refuge in talking troubles or in a short recess was possible because there genuine community of minds plied by the same stimulus, same imperatives. Until [illegible] was a past to be superseded was an exciting present to be ished, through political [illegible] technical address. It would conceivable today to underst renewal of language, both [illegible] and America, as [illegible] through by Joyce and Pound, and Auden. That work has done, and in order to pretence of carrying it on have to seek out desperate dients. We get Burroughs; Brautigan—exhaling a breath from time to time, but with the fire of the older masters.

Still less do we get the community. Good writers know one another, if at a distant manner. They conferences—can one Henry James or Thomas congress of intellectuals or Venice?—but they Gordon Square, no Bloomsbury. In order to survive they amount of money which would seemed ridiculous to a which survived on as little Lawrence and his contemporaries did, and they are left to themselves without so much as a critic—the death of Edmund Wilson whom it would be salutary to please.

All in all, the older writer is extremely lucky to have easier days. To talk and write delightful occupations when are only distractions from a in hand; even sloth, the phemy, has a certain power runs counter to demands and strong. What is lethal is to out the stuff temperately and ably, in intervals from social justifying a grant. The road stone may turn into a pillow all. Or so, on bad mornings, I hope.

Commentary

Not since 1929, when the supreme accolade was bestowed upon Thomas Mann, has the Nobel Prize for Literature gone to a German. Wish Germany presumably [illegible] both politically and culturally—Heinrich Böll has joined the elect after being a warm favourite for a number of years. But why Böll—rather than, say, Günter Grass, whose claims would seem to be at least as strong? President of PEN, a liberal and a Catholic, Böll is an irreproachably respectable figure, a "safe" choice—though the SPD-supporting Grass is no extremist either. Böll's personal courage and integrity were exemplified by his article in *Der Spiegel* defending Ulrike Meinhof's civil rights, as was the sorry state of the German media by their squalid and hysterical witch-hunt, with the novelist no doubt dismayed and embarrassed to find himself the quarry. And it may not be entirely cynical to suggest that Böll's huge popularity in Eastern Europe—his sales in Russia alone are reputed to be around the 2 million mark—may have influenced the Stockholm judges, with an eye on pacifying the cultural commissars after the Solzhenitsyn affair.

So there are excellent political and personal reasons for the award. But what about Böll's literary stature? If young German intellectuals read novels at all today, it is certain that few would dream of reading Böll, whom they would regard as a middle-brow traditionalist, as a *Scheissliberaler* from a past generation [illegible] more than twenty years since the publication of his first book, the [illegible] *Der Zug war pünktlich*. The Swedish Academy's rationale for Böll's part "in the renewal of German literature" since 1945 is soundly based, for—in Böll's own words—"it has still to be written what it meant to write over a page of German prose in 1945, despite an over-obsession in many cases of German literature with the concept of postwar literature". The rising generation of young writers in Germany (as opposed to the older émigrés, such as Mann and [illegible] had to start afresh with a tradition and only the raw language debased by the Nazis to build on. So it is fitting that Böll's work for which he is being honoured, should be so positive preoccupation with "coming to terms with the past"; this was the task which all writers emerging from Hitler years had to set themselves. Böll has stuck to this task with [illegible] and humanity, without sentimentality and formalistic gimmickry. He may not have done much to extend the technique or scope of the German novel, but he has not abandoned the spadework for those who will. It is not Böll's fault that his political values are [illegible] not incomprehensible to the young in the Federal Republic. But then so are those of Grass—a more [illegible] figure, who will surely come [illegible]

Private order and public disorder

[illegible] by an interviewer about his attitude to the Swiss problem Friedrich Dürrenmatt is [illegible] to have replied that Switzerland [illegible] no problem, merely a pleasant place in which to work. Rejoinders of this sort (Brecht once told an overzealous interviewer that in his youth there were no "isms" in Augsburg) are often less an answer than a calculated rebuttal of the wrong sort of question. Questions on and around the Swiss-ness of the Swiss can indeed be of this wrong sort, not least when they seem to sever international links in the search for cultural singularity. Another Swiss writer, Peter Bichsel, complained recently that to be Swiss is apparently not simply a matter of origins but presupposes special qualifications, like being a linguist. Max Frisch, on the other hand, who since early middle age has been Switzerland's Grand Old Man of Letters, has tended over the years, with a mixture of moral fervour and sagacious realism, to dwell on the benefits of being Swiss. He too has issued his disclaimers: the place where we live should, he once suggested, give us the feeling of not belonging. More commonly has argued positively, defining in his essays the specifically Swiss ingredients in Swiss culture or, more overtly, validating the whole question of national identity by framing it more generally in his plays and novels as a question about namelessness, self-awareness and the assumption of roles.

Dürrenmatt has never been quite so explicitly concerned as his older compatriot with the historical, political, even (vis à vis Nazi Germany) moral position of Switzerland. To a certain extent, at least, Switzerland has been a place of work rather than a problem. In some respects, however, the idea if not the reality of Switzerland has been a fruitful source of imaginary situations and an aid to self-definition. The idea is that of a private, or at least small-scale, order in a complex relationship to the large-scale disorder outside it. At an early stage (in his second play, *Der Blinde*, first produced in 1948), the idea was not without a certain spurious, short-lived actuality, since in this case the disorder—a dukedom in ruins after war—is inescapably linked to the chaos of Germany in defeat. The actuality seems indeed all the more consciously pursued since the play departs so markedly from its predecessor, the unfocused historical extravaganza *Es steht geschrieben*. Even in *Der Blinde*, however, the contemporary connexions are less important than the relationship of one man to the disorder around him. He, the eponymous blind man, sees no ruins and inhabits an imagined world which is orderly and undamaged.

When Max Frisch claimed for *Der Blinde* the distinction of offering, in the tension between reality and illusion, the quintessence of theatre, he was praising what most critics now see as an overwritten piece, clumsy in conception and falsely baroque in tone. Dürrenmatt's theatre has often tended towards extremes, towards extreme situations at an extreme ("grotesque" is his own term) remove from reality, and perhaps this kind of formula exposes a writer to the risks of the dithyrambic, especially a writer who was for years urging the revival of stage-rhetoric. But the central compromise in *Der Blinde*, between private order and public disorder, removed from any evident postwar context and stripped of bombast, has itself proved an inexhaustible means of making dramatic sense of an incohate world.

Unchanged in its essentials, the theme returns in Dürrenmatt's third play, *Romulus der Grosse*, a vastly more accomplished work in which the disparity between the calm, ruthlessly logical life-style of the last Roman Emperor and the apocalyptic panic of those around him is exploited, in an ironically neat plot, for comic rather than portentous effect. Nor do Dürrenmatt's most successful plays, *Der Besuch der alten Dame* and *Die Physiker*, depart significantly from either the formula or the economy of means. In both cases drama is generated by the pursuit of a ruthless, absolute logic in the teeth of anarchy. In both cases, too, success rests in part on the way in which a tragi-comic ambivalence of plot is carried through into the language and the stage-realization.

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A scene from the Tyneside Theatre Company's 1972 production of Play Strindberg, *directed by Gareth Morgan.*

FRIEDRICH DÜRRENMATT:
Komödien III
427pp. 28 Sw fr.

Porträt eines Planeten
85pp. 8.80 Sw fr.

Der Sturz
118pp. 12.80 Sw fr.

Zürich: Arche.

Play Strindberg
Translated by James Kirkup
76pp. Cape. £1.50.

The Swiss vantage-point has, however, offered Dürrenmatt perhaps more than simply this adaptable paradigm. It may also—unexpectedly—have helped to foster the experimental streak in his work, since in his case experiment is the product of a free-ranging neutrality. He has tended to survey at an ironic distance contentious discussions about the function of drama, emphasizing the multiplicity of styles available rather than any need to make a specific choice. And neutrality has meant more than simply asserting the freedom of drama from theoretical or ideological commitment. It has meant insisting that drama is not, as he puts it; "a cantata for the spoken word, taking place in a vacuum" but an activity which can make use of the unique freedom of the stage. Hence Dürrenmatt's early preference for those dramatists of non-naturalist bent in whose work the theatre proclaims its own physical presence: Pirandello, Thornton Wilder and, a special favourite, Nestroy.

This particular brand of freedom can easily be over-indulged, means can easily become ends. Dürrenmatt's own experiment with the theatre had indeed reached an early extreme of this kind with the somewhat stage-struck *Die Ehe des Herrn Mississippi*, whose mixture of surrealist staging, unpredictable plot and bizarre fanatics yields diminishing returns as the play proceeds. The relationship—here more of a head-on collision—between author and actor, text and performance, has been explored in Dürrenmatt's later works, and, although *Die Physiker* could be said to have restored primacy to the text, his more recent assertions suggest a swing in the opposite direction:

> The stage has become for me a theatrical medium not a literary platform. To put it more extremely: I am no longer writing my plays for actors, I am composing them with actors. I am abandoning literature in favour of theatre.

This introductory note to his most recent play, *Porträt eines Planeten*, is, not surprisingly, more all-or-nothing in intention than in execution, but nevertheless it reflects the course which his recent work has been taking. The publication of the third volume of Dürrenmatt's plays, covering the years from 1965 and containing *Der Meteor*, *König Johann*, *Play Strindberg*, *Die Wiedertäufer* and *Titus Andronicus*, makes it easier to follow that course.

Only one of the five items in *Komödien III* is an independent work, the rest refashion existing plays. The precedent is obviously Brecht, but it has been a precedent to reject. In Dürrenmatt's case to rework a play is to bring it a stage farther from life rather than, as with Brecht, to expose closer connexions. Such relevance as there is tends to be either plainly inserted (Aaron in *Titus Andronicus* has become a black militant) or sweepingly general (*King John* has become a metaphor of the power game).

How far Dürrenmatt's reworkings assert the autonomy of the theatre is most plainly shown in *Die Wiedertäufer*, a refashioning of his own first play. History—the Anabaptist movement—was exuberantly distorted in the first version, but it remained history. Now it has become performance, Bockelson the focal prophet-figure—or stage-manager, as he sees himself—is now an actor whose skilful role-playing is rewarded by the Catholic camp. This is not so much an interpretation of historical fact through fiction as the assertion of fiction over fact. Dürrenmatt's reflections appended to the text, among the most revealing of his many writings on the theatre, make this clear, seeing the play as the result of an encounter between his own present views and his past practice.

Dürrenmatt's observation confirms the impression that this is theatre feeding on itself and that comedy is becoming something of

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an in-joke, arising not, as in earlier plays, from the discrepancy between life and drama but from the discrepancy between one play and another. Both the new versions of Shakespeare, for instance, make clearer sense if compared with the originals; and of the two it is *König Johann* which seems the more consistent. The political game is translated into a variety of stage-effects, always stylized, often macabre, often pantomime. *Titus Andronicus*, on the other hand, offers less to start with, and the impoverished original is not enriched or revamped with anything like the same theatricality.

Of Dürrenmatt's adapted classics his version of Strindberg's *Dance of Death*, *Play Strindberg*, has received most attention. It is a thorough reworking in which language, gesture and setting alike are formalized to make of Strindberg's wordy sexual battle a crisp ritual dance. The result, elaborately choreographed for stage performance, has greater coherence than his other efforts and seems, moreover, in departing furthest to come closest to the spirit of its original. There emerges an updated Strindberg or, put differently, a Dürrenmatt whose formal ritual has brought him on this occasion within hailing distance of Germany's avant-garde, of Fassbinder and Handke. That same ritual creates difficulties for the translator trying to render into the looser syntax of English the clipped formality of a German which often relies for its effect on highly stylized repetitions. James Kirkup achieves considerable success, ingeniously reproducing the spiky banter of the original. It is only a pity that he should unaccountably make such heavy weather of Dürrenmatt's preface to the play, reducing it to near meaninglessness.

At a time when London has seen a *Po Miss Julie*, an *An Alchemist*, an *An Othello* and a Pinero with music, adaptations such as Dürrenmatt's acquire a certain fortuitous modishness. Whether all this activity signals the birth of a new "ism"—Narcissism—remains to be seen. It likewise remains to be seen whether Dürrenmatt, averse as he is to fashionable trends, will be able to write, as he has said, not for but *with* the stage without thereby making drama into a performance in front of mirrors.

Two recent works suggest that Dürrenmatt may be aware of the dangers. *Der Sturz*, although a novella—his first work of fiction since 1958—is interesting in this context because, although its characters are anonymous and its locale a sort of totalitarian limbo, its subject is as close to observable experience as anything Dürrenmatt has written. The members of a Political Secretariat, labelled A to P, jockey for positions in the hierarchy with a mixture of defensive panic and subterfuge. In the sinister, self-perpetuating ritual the decisive factors are not political and economic but—and the perspective seems almost Swiss again—"the sympathies and antipathies which they felt for one another". The story comes nearer to *König Johann* than to Dürrenmatt's earlier fiction, indeed stage-realization might have brought into sharper focus manoeuvrings which are difficult to unravel in cold print. One suspects that power-games, like all games, gain from being seen. But this grotesque tale is at least unmistakably rooted in the facts of political life.

The other recent work is a play, *Porträt eines Planeten*, prefaced with Dürrenmatt's most radical statement to date on his rejection of what he calls "literary theatre". Technically it is a complex piece, a composition or octet (both words are Dürrenmatt's) in which actors, whose every gesture is programmed, enact a variety of distinct episodes, changing roles in such a way that scenes may overlap with a fluency that offsets the strict formality of speech and movement. The action—the "portrait" of the title—is a montage of cameos linked together by their apocalyptic context: the sun has become a supernova and in the light of the explosion ("eschatological photography", as Dürrenmatt calls it) the behaviour of mankind is exposed for the last time. It is familiar behaviour, often violent but essentially unaffected by catastrophe, and it involves family battles, war, love, racial prejudice, death by execution, death on the moon, a communal drug trip more besides.

Dürrenmatt has plainly not his back on reality. His aim is indeed to show how survives to the bitter, end. Unfortunately the seems to extend beyond responses of individual chara a point where Dürrenmatt implicated. He has stayed enough to reality to invite on his selection of evidence, that selection brings together vious, simplified crisis-points cumulative effect is that of routine recital of the ills that the human race.

Although, in this last play, still seems to be triumphing matter, the tug-of-war in Dürrenmatt between producer and is adjourned rather than resolved. And the news that he has offered and has declined the direc ship of Switzerland's leading the Zürich Schauspielhaus, does mean that the author has day. Dürrenmatt has always the ability of the theatre to surprises.

Behind the throne

MARCIA WILLIAMS:

Inside Number 10

385pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £3.95.

At first glance Marcia Williams has been ill advised to write, and Harold Wilson has been rash to approve, an occasionally girlish account of her life and time as Personal and Political Secretary to the Prime Minister from October 1964, to June 1970. Here and there she unwittingly improves upon the satiric effects of "Mrs Wilson's *Diary*" in *Private Eye*, as she conducts her feud with the Garden Girls (the Civil Service secretaries), describes the Wilson entourage and domestic dispositions, and consistently uses the word "we" as the Prime Minister or the Government wrestle with a crisis or reach a decision.

But readers who come to snigger will stay to enjoy and admire. If the nonentities of show business are worth a book, then there can be no reasonable objection to a secretary (or Secretary, as in Permanent Secretary to the Treasury) describing how the Prime Minister she served worked and how the heart of the Government machine during Labour's six years pulsated. For Mrs Williams is a clever woman, and no ordinary secretary. Apart from Sir Burke Trend, the Secretary to the Cabinet, there is almost certainly nobody in government or politics who stood closer to Mr Wilson than Mrs Williams. She gave him total loyalty; he gave her his total confidence. Her part in the Labour Government was not negligible.

No man may be a hero to his valet, but many men are heroes to their secretaries—not least Harold Wilson. *Inside Number 10*, therefore, is a work of secretarial piety, in which the sparse critical passages are calculated to show the Prime Minister in an amiable light: he was too much a Civil Servant himself to put the Establishment in its place, and he was too soft-hearted in sacking ministerial misfits. He should also have been tougher on the Vietnam war.

In so far as she rehearses the history of the Wilson Administrations, Mrs Williams has nothing to say that her hero has not written himself with greater authority in *The Labour Government, 1964-70*. Yet she still brings to the story a few touches of Greville and Creevey, or even Chips Channon, that serious students of politics will welcome, partly because gossip plays an important role in politics, partly because politics is an intensely human trade that statistics, communiqués, policy statements, and speeches can never fully explain.

It is known in politics, for instance, that Derek Mitchell, Principal Private Secretary to Mr Wilson in 1964-66 and one of the most brilliant civil servants of his generation, jeopardized his career in a struggle to set limits to Mrs Williams's sway at No 10. Mrs Williams now discusses the vendetta openly. When Mr Mitchell was posted out of No 10 she won her battle with the Civil Service, although she did not become a civil servant herself and was on Mr Wilson's payroll.

That battle raises the most fascinating question in the book. Before Mr Wilson reached No 10, Harold Macmillan had introduced into the Prime Minister's secretariat the late John Wyndham (Lord Egremont), a wit and bon viveur whose company everybody sought. Wyndham received no pay. Mr Wilson therefore broke no new ground when, in October, 1964, he took his private secretary, Mrs Williams, to No 10 and allotted to her the duty of running his personal and political office, with the function of dealing with all those party and political questions that were no business of the Civil Service. Other Labour Ministers introduced similar party political advisers, like John Harris, the former director of Labour Party publicity, at the Foreign Office. (He was later attached to Roy Jenkins at the Home Office and Treasury.)

Edward Heath followed the Wilson example when he became Prime Minister in June, 1970. Seven or eight party officials, drawn from Conservative Research Department, were attached to incoming senior Ministers, some as full members of the Civil Service, others on the Conservative payroll. The system is now well established and will continue. Senior civil servants themselves admit that there are advantages in their being able to consult experts in party policy commitments and party ethos when they are framing departmental policies and statements, or drafting ministerial speeches.

NEXT WEEK

'God with Thunder', by Denis Donoghue, the first of this year's T. S. Eliot Lectures; John Bowen on 'The Image of the Book'; Sir Eric Roll on theory and practice in economics.

But if there is to be no friction between the Civil Service and the political advisers who become the cuckoos in the nest, it is clearly necessary that there should be a considerable degree of mutual understanding and also a sensible definition of the line of demarcation between their two roles. On the evidence of *Inside Number 10*, Mr Wilson did not clearly define that line; and Mrs Williams, with a thoroughly partisan contempt for and resentment of the Whitehall Establishment, not to say a resolution that Mr Wilson should not be taken in by the Tory Civil Service, proceeded to make territorial and administrative demands that the Civil Service were bound to challenge. Mrs Williams was not content until even the Garden Girls had undergone a social transformation. She complains that when she first arrived one girl wore a mink coat and drove a Mercedes car, but "by 1970 the girls with the twin-sets and pearls had largely gone". It is vintage *Eye*.

The constant implication in this book is that Mrs Williams saw herself as a political adviser to the Prime Minister, whose opinion was always as valid as the judgment of the Prime Minister's official secretariat. It never occurs to her that the rubidness of her commitment to left-wing policies, and her uncritical devotion to the Prime Minister, may have properly made any influence she had suspect in the eyes of the Civil Service. Mr Wilson on this evidence was not only a soft touch with ministerial misfits; he was also less firm than he should have been with his Political Secretary.

That leads to another question, as Mrs Williams describes members of the Wilson entourage. It is one of the mysteries about Mr Wilson as Prime Minister, or as Opposition Leader, that he should feel a compulsion to choose his lieutenants and friends from those in whom the capacity for hero-worship is highly developed, relying on himself to provide all the intellectual authority that his personal circle may have need of. It is almost as though he needs doglike loyalty above all other things, out of a fear that one day Brutus, too, will strike. Of course, Mr Wilson knows the Labour Party. He may be right. At any rate, in his Political Secretary he had one of the ablest women in politics in his service.

Assassination of the Prime Minister

On 11 May 1812 Spencer Perceval, Prime Minister, was shot dead in the lobby of the House of Commons. His assassin made no attempt to escape, and was discovered sitting quietly on a bench near the fireplace of the lobby.

'My name is John Bellingham; it is a private injury—I know what I have done.'

Mollie Gillen

pieces together the extraordinary narrative of Bellingham's life which is indeed another case of fact being far stranger than fiction.

Just out at £3.25.

Sidgwick & Jackson

1 Tavistock Chambers, Bloomsbury Way, London WC1

Lone sailor

MARGARET LAING:

Edward Heath: Prime Minister

258pp. Sidgwick and Jackson. £3.50.

A journalistic urgency has crept into publishing in recent years, not least in the political lists, and publishing houses recruit bright young graduates who commission books much in the fashion of a news editor organizing tomorrow's splash lead. Here may lie part of the explanation for the appearance of two biographies of Edward Heath within a month, both the work of journalists.

The question arises by what criteria such hard-cover journalism ought to be judged. Clearly Monypenny and Buckle on Disraeli and Morley on Gladstone must be immediately dismissed from mind, along with Feiling's Chamberlain and Beaverbrook's Bonar Law. We are really in the realm of the *New Yorker* profile, at a point where serious biography and journalism can co-exist and where it must be taken for granted that the work is offered as provisional and interim.

Even then, Margaret Laing in October, like Andrew Roth in September, has had the misfortune to have to meet a deadline for her book that must seriously diminish any political value it might have had. Mr Heath became Prime Minister on June 19, 1970. He is probably half way along the road to the next general election, the earliest point at which a measured judgment of his leadership will become practicable. Certainly no such judgment is possible after two years in power, because the biographer is left with nothing but loose ends in her hands when she reaches her closing chapters.

And it is plain to see that only now, under the pressures of responsibility and daily decisions, is the essential Heath beginning to show himself as Prime Minister and politician. He came into power with the reputation of a rigid, single-minded leader who would ruthlessly pursue what he called a "quiet revolution", challenging the trade unions, killing off lame ducks, and sticking to his policies no matter who got hurt. Two years later he has become as pragmatic as Harold Wilson, giving first-aid to one lame duck after another, pouring out treasure to find work for the unemployed, and courting the trade-union leaders with a proposal that they should help in the creation of a new centre of economic power in partnership with the Government and the Confederation of British Industries. Mr Heath is making U-turns along one axis of policy after another, with the exception of the highway carrying the United Kingdom into the Common Market.

His Prime Ministerial tactics have been fundamentally changed but his grand strategy remains. Nothing is more certain than that now is the worst time to attempt to assess in a worthwhile way, quite apart from a definitive way, what Mr Heath's quality as a politician and Prime Minister is or what his achievement will be. Publishers and biographers will simply have to wait in patience, risk missing any commercial tide they had calculated on

But Miss Laing's biography, spite of its title, was probably intended to be primarily a study. She is a journalist, but political journalist. The book no doubt properly and fairly judged as an attempt by a and highly intelligent woman to penetrate the mystery of a lor leader of a party that wins support from women than from At this level, a woman's view Heath, written with an easy skill matches a lot of diligent research is well worth having, partly in politics it matters no more politician *is* than what he seems the voters to be.

The best things in the book are Miss Laing's own interpretations the man and politician, but her scientious hunting down and ing of almost everybody still able whose path crossed Mr Heath at some stage of his development But again and again, in a feminine way, she frets about Mr Heath's bachelorhood, hoping always to a romantic skeleton in the cupboard at No 10 or Chequers and only a photograph of Kay Raven side the bed in his Albany flat, teen years after she had married somebody else. "He seemed to perhaps over-sophisticated looker", she reports, "rather like in his attitude to sexual he seemed to know in theory than he really understood."

PUBLISHED 31st AUGUST

Thomas Keneally's

THE CHANT OF JIMMY BLACKSMITH

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Sunday Tele

"A first-rate creation of Victo complacency, colonial adventu ousness and aborigine love, written with deep affection for the country and understanding of its people
Sunday Times

PUBLISHED 28th SEPTEMBER

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THE HEART'S GROWN BRUTAL

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Bryan Forbes

"A very good novel ... an excellent primer for those who've forgotten and for others who never knew how the present bloody struggle in Northern Ireland began."
The New York Times Book Review

ANGUS & ROBERTSON

To the Editor

The Piltdown Men

Sir,—I have just seen the review of ald Millar's *The Piltdown Men*, ch you published in your issue of tember 29, 1972. Mr Millar ap s to have read assiduously, but all too easy to agree with the ures which your reviewer makes is shortcomings when writing r technical matters of which he o professional knowledge and, I d add, of people whom he did not I would reinforce your re er's point that the real inter of the Piltdown men is not who responsible for the faking, but the forgery could have taken in mists and anthropologists of highest standing. This was the e of an article of mine which published in 1954 under the Art and Science in Anatomical nosis, and in which I added the ght that the publicity value ally associated with the discovery human or near-human fossils al t inevitably drives science out of window—even for those who, ever well versed in anatomy, are trained in modern methods of stical and biometric analysis. is as true today as it was when down Man came on the scene, the added misfortune that some now pontificate about fossil Pri es are not even scientists! The moral of the Piltdown story is t anatomists delude themselves t the capacity of the naked eye d indeed the calipers—to diag marginal human and ape-like acters in bony fragments.

y purpose in writing to you is, ever, less that of underlining the t made by your reviewer than ke up a matter on which he only ches. Mr Millar declares that he layman. So far as I can make he wrote his book as a kind of tific thriller to which his orig contribution was to point a fin at a hitherto unsuspected hoaxer. belief that the "forger" was the Sir Grafton Elliot Smith, a be which your reviewer suggested well be right, since the forger ed considerable anatomical wledge to pull off his coup, has ch foundation as an alternative ushion that the forger was, say, then owner of the Piltdown el pit. A great deal of Mr Mil picture of Elliot Smith is re e from reality, and I cannot im e from whom he derived his ", I suppose I must be one he few scientists still alive who w most of the major characters he Piltdown story—Arthur Keith, th Woodward, Broom, Hrdlicka, raft, Gerrit S. Miller and W. K. gory. Some I knew well, and e Smith, with whom I worked, I w very well. Mr Millar describes as a man who, because of a mali s and distorted sense of humour, ld falsify in order to mislead er scientists. I hardly recall any which I would describe as a se of humour, but I can think of man who was more upright as a tist. Elliott Smith laid some of major foundation stones of mod neuroanatomy. His views about evolution of the Primates, the ole group of mammals to which belong, were critical to the deve ment of the subject. His ideas of the evolution of human cult are still of major interest to thropologists. To my certain wledge he abandoned views ch he may have held when he persuaded by evidence that they e wrong. Whatever else, he ld never have falsified in order refute those who may have dif ed from him.

Developments in our knowledge some of the main fields of Elliot ith's scientific interests will be t out at a two-day symposium ch will be held next month at Zoological Society of London in er to commemorate the centenary his birth.

A ZUCKERMAN.

Zoological Society of London, Regent's Park, London NW1.

Doers and Thinkers

Sir,—John Rae (October 20) is than fair to educational ers. While the Tom Stoppards ber 13) of the world can prob look after themselves and more ignore professors and other theorists, teachers, in their hundreds of thousands, are far more vulnerable to the facile and alluring theories of fashionable educationists. The comprehensive panacea, for example, coupled with the quasi-universal adoption of the latest "modern" methods, is having devastating effects in schools. Education, in its broadest sense, is becoming less and less of a challenge to the individual teacher and pupil: its aims and practice are determined by outside experts, whose authority is hardly ever defied. The dosage of the various ingredients that must produce the right admixture for the "modern" educated man is, so to speak, concocted by superior powers and almost uniformly administered in schools.

No wonder Cambridge, through Edward de Bono of the Cognitive Research Trust, is trying to add a new subject called *Thinking* to the school curriculum.

ROBERT BEAR.

94 Bath Road, Stroud, Gloucestershire.

The New OED

Sir,—The most important difficulty about Miss Laski's and Mrs Offord's suggestion (October 20) is the usual one: where are we to find the wherewithal to carry it out? At present prices and rates of pay, the original *OED* would have cost something over £1m to edit (the Merriam-Webster *Third New International* cost £1,500,000 up to 1961). But a new *OED*, with more exacting standards of completeness and precision and with a very much larger body of contributory scholarship to incorporate, would certainly cost more. The University of Michigan team concerned with the materials of the lapsed *Dictionary of Early Modern English* have meantime suspended any intention of editing these materials into a dictionary, since they see no hope at present of raising the $2m or $3m which this would certainly cost in salaries. But *DEME* represents less than a third of Mrs Offord's projected new *OED*. Rather than attempt a new *OED* immediately, we might do well to set our sights lower and complete Craigie's period dictionary project, which as yet lacks a *DEME* and dictionaries of eighteenth-century and nineteenth-century English. Funds for all of these (and for the period dictionaries already under way) are required.

In terms of national budgets the sums in question are of course quite small. It is simply that in the English-speaking world this sort of product has a very low priority in government expenditure, if indeed it can be said to have any priority at all. In contrast, the French government is expending a sum of the order of (I would guess) £500,000 annually on the Centre pour un Trésor de la Langue Française. This French lexicographical centre has now begun producing a remarkable new dictionary of modern French, reviewed by you on October 13, a dictionary which marks a notable advance in lexicographical method and accomplishment over the traditional historical dictionary. Funds of the same order would enable us not only to complete the period dictionaries of English but also to embark, like TLF, on a new programme of lexicography with more rigorous aims than traditional historical dictionary techniques allow of. What I do not know is how to persuade the governments of the English-speaking nations to spend (perhaps between them?) in this way a sum which could otherwise, I suppose, maintain a few military aircraft, or a small naval vessel, or one of the scientific research centres.

A. J. AITKEN.

Dictionary of the Older Scottish Tongue, 27 George Square, Edinburgh 8.

Sir,—In reply to Paul Haeffner (October 20), I am sorry that in making the point that the two four-letter words had not been admitted into any general dictionary *of the twentieth century* by 1957 I left it unsaid that the words had been included in some of the best known of the earliest English dictionaries, for example in Stephen Skinner's *Etymologicon linguae Anglicanae* (*ante* 1667), Nathan Bailey's *An universal etymological English dictionary* (1721), and John Ash's *The new and complete dictionary of the English language* (1775).

R. W. BURCHFIELD.

Oxford English Dictionary Supplement, 40 Walton Crescent, Oxford OX1 2JQ.

George Orwell

Sir,—Mrs Orwell writes (October 13) that *The Unknown Orwell* has been written without her cooperation and this is the case. William Abrahams and Peter Stansky have based their book on their own researches and many interviews with those who knew Blair (Orwell) in his early years.

Readers of Mrs Orwell's letter may infer that the publication of *The Unknown Orwell* has in itself precipitated the authorization of an official biography against Orwell's own wishes. This, I think, would be a misconception. Malcolm Muggeridge in his contribution, entitled "A Knight of the Woeful Countenance", to *The World of George Orwell*, edited by Miriam Gross and published in 1971 by Weidenfeld and Nicolson, writes:

> Another provision in Orwell's will was that no biography of him should be written. This did not prevent the publication of a number of books about him, and in the end Sonia [Mrs Orwell] decided that it would be best to announce an authorized biography, with me as the putative author. I made various vague moves in the direction of doing it; such as going through whatever letters and other documents there are, meeting various people who had been connected with him, and trying to sort out my own thoughts on the subject. In the end the project defeated me. . . .

One wonders whether it was ever a practicability that no biography of Orwell should be written. Mrs Orwell understandably wishes to see that the provisions of her husband's will are adhered to, but interest in the life of a writer who profoundly influenced the thought of his time is equally understandable and legitimate.

The Unknown Orwell does not attempt to be a definitive biography. But, apart from being thoroughly enjoyable, it does reveal much that has not previously been revealed about the first thirty years of Orwell's life and this is surely relevant to the interpretation of his work.

BENJAMIN GLAZEBROOK.

Constable & Co Ltd, 10 Orange Street, London WC2.

Ionesco and Brecht

Sir,—From such an impassioned advocate of emotion as Eugene Ionesco (October 6) it would be foolish to expect clear reasoning or accuracy, and no doubt pointless to ask him to revise his misconceptions (common to many) about his *bête noire*, Bertolt Brecht.

I will confine myself to his remarks on *The Exception and the Rule*. To show a situation where a master (the Merchant) is also alienated from humanity that when his slave (the Cooly) behaves in a humane fashion, he shoots him because he cannot believe that a man so ill-used could be kind, is Brecht therefore demonstrating "that two men belonging to different races or to two different classes cannot be friends to one another", and does it show that Brecht "wants to alienate love and uproot it from men's heart"? I fail to see this. It rather looks to me as if Brecht's is showing us how love is alienated and uprooted from men's hearts (especially the guilty), ie, by a system where men are separated into classes and inferior or superior races, and callously exploit and destroy one another. No man who is out "to murder love and friendship" would be able to lament the lack of love and friendship in the world (see the poem *To Posterity*), or to count among his "Vergnügen"—"pleasures" or "joys"—(see the poem of that name) "being friendly".

I wonder; has M Ionesco forgotten that his article is not art, and therefore unlike art (for him, at least) can be wrong? It certainly looks as if he cannot understand Brecht's use of irony—not surprising really, for often one finds that those who cannot "see reason" and go all out for the passions lack a sense of humour, without which, said Brecht, it is impossible to understand dialectics.

MAURICE WEST.

93 St George's Square, London, SW1V 3QW.

Always on Sunday

HAROLD HOBSON, PHILLIP KNIGHTLEY, and LEONARD RUSSELL:

The Pearl of Days

An Intimate Memoir of *The Sunday Times* 1822-1972

506pp. Hamish Hamilton. £6.

Is it a shade *too* intimate? The authors are aware of the possibility, and make the case for having to figure in their own work. Only Harold Hobson is able to escape writing about himself. Is it sufficiently all-embracing and balanced enough to be a satisfactory record of a newspaper's century-and-a-half of existence? The reader is at 1915 by page 65, and the pace goes on slowing and the detail growing as the present day is approached. The authors forestall this criticism also. *The Pearl of Days*, they say, is

> an informal memoir of *The Sunday Times*. It is not a newspaper history based on the archives, or a social history of 150 years. Just a memoir, compounded among other things of recollection, observation and deduction.

Had the authors been historians they would in fact have been faced with two dilemmas. A fruitful celebration has to interest readers in the paper of today; for this purpose the first century of its existence is virtually irrelevant. Readability has to govern retrospection. The paper of today is the expression of the men and women who serve it today, building on the work of the generation immediately before them. To present them historically would be to embalm them all. On both grounds the choice of participants as narrators is effective. At the same time the continual admiration of colleagues and the pervading air of congratulation are on occasions embarrassing.

This said, *The Pearl of Days* is, for journalists at least, an absorbing book; and there are precedents to show that depictions of the newspaper world from the inside do interest the public at large. There cannot have been a more candid self-disclosure than this, or one more readily holding the reader. Leonard Russell, Harold Hobson, and Phillip Knightley are all extremely good journalists. They persuade us that the large cast they parade before us were all highly individual, colourful people. Whether it is Alice Cornwell, the Victorian musician who turned to gold-mining and became "Princess Midas" when she struck it rich at Ballarat, and then bought *The Sunday Times* as a present for her future husband; or Jimmy White of Rochdale, the self-made millionaire of the 1920s, who took prussic acid when his bubble burst; or Randolph Churchill, conducting his serio-comic campaign against the Press Lords, the impression is sharp, vivid, and brief. There are no longueurs.

But of course it is the newspapermen themselves who hold the centre of the stage. Here are the owners, wheeling and dealing; the editors who came and went; the Olympians such as Gosse, Ernest Newman, and Desmond MacCarthy; the oddities—they were legion; *The Sunday Times's* own Lords—Camrose, Kemsley, and, eventually Thomson.

Camrose is given his full stature. He was a better journalist than his eschewing of flamboyance allowed the world to realize. But, maybe because of the age of the authors, maybe because he was in fact the more fascinating character, it is Kemsley who is most closely presented and who brings the authors' feelings most fully into play. The feelings are ambivalent. Kemsley's pomposity, his snobbery, his insensitivity, his political ineptitude are displayed again and again:

> Yet the strange thing is that no one now alive who was close to him from 1945 onwards . . . dislikes him or has a harsh word to say of him. . . . The memories of him which remain, generally speaking, are respectful and even affectionate (though sometimes touched with sardonic humour).

This is worth remembering. With all his limitations, Lord Kemsley was an uncharitably misjudged man.

About the men and women of today it is much too early to pass final judgment. There has been, and is, much skill, great courage, recurring resourcefulness. Its three sections, its colour supplement, its expanding sizes, its net sales approaching a million and a half are only the outward trappings of success. What matters to *The Sunday Times*, to its readers—and, it can be said, to the nation as a whole—is the spirit engendering and governing its efforts. Its news columns are alert. Its crusading has been motivated by responsibility, not by sensationalism. In politics it reasons for the middle ground. In culture it interests itself in minorities without being esoteric. Britain's "Street of Adventure" has had many false gods in the past. These men, with their feet more firmly on the ground, of more practical purpose, and with an overlord attached to reality, are a much better hope for journalism.

Ira Levin

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Muller

The racketing reverend

DAVID THOMSON:
Wild Excursions
The Life and Fiction of Laurence Sterne.
325pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £3.95.

For all the exquisite sensibility (though not because of it) there is something fundamentally repellent about Sterne: beneath the hair-trigger responsiveness a coldness to all others; behind the charm, indifference. More than most men he was willing to confine his wishes to self-gratification. And how childish he was in his demands, especially when he went to London, famous as the author of the first two volumes of *Tristram Shandy*. Though he was no longer young, many years married, and several times a father, the Yorkshire clergyman behaved for all the world like a soldier on leave, racketing about (at least by his own account) from one pair of arms to another, totting up his conquests with a meticulous numerical sense, cramming every hour as though every hour were his last.

Two hundred years later the antics and revels of the Reverend Laurence Sterne can be regarded also as pitiable, perhaps because one experiences the shock of recognition—and one is more ready to forgive oneself than others. At all events the life of Sterne must compel because Sterne wrote a great book in which such shocks are manifold, and in which the reader is repeatedly teased by the relationship between author (but has the book an author?), narrator (who *is* Tristram Shandy?), and reader (but can he—or she—be hectored into reading the book?).

It is perhaps not surprising that such an evasive, not to say reluctative, figure, many of whose private papers were destroyed after his death, should have been unfortunate in his biographers, or rather that his biographers should have been unfortunate in apprehending the man. From the *Memoirs* of 1775, a work of dubious authorship but indubitably bad editorship to the enthusiastic but inaccurate account by Percy Fitzgerald in 1864 and the flaccid but still standard twentieth-century life by Wilbur Cross (1909), none has captured the essence of Sterne, though there have been illuminating accounts of certain aspects of his career: L. P. Curtis on Sterne's role in the 1741 election, Willard Connely on the Yorick years 1760-68, and such psychological studies as that by W. B. C. Watkins in *Perilous Balance*. There is encouraging evidence in new appraisals now in the making: there are samples in the volume entitled *The Winged Skull*, issued last year under the editorship of Arthur H. Cash and John Stedmond. And it is known that Professor Cash is writing a new biography intended to supersede that of Cross.

Meanwhile *Wild Excursions*, a confessedly less ambitious work, has been written by an intelligent young man who is himself a novelist. It is energetic, pertinacious, and graceful. David Thomson is careful but he is also bold, and *Wild Excursions* will not command universal assent. But the author's level of response is high, and his judgments must be considered by all students of Sterne. Besides, and perhaps more importantly, *Wild Excursions* is a splendid introduction to the life and work of Laurence Sterne.

The epigraphs to the book point to Mr Thomson's motive in writing this biography: Sterne, Kafka and Borges appear together expressing in their several ways the desperate impulse to dream. Therefore, of course, as Mr Thomson is not by any means the first to observe, Sterne is of all eighteenth-century novelists the most readily translatable into twentieth-century terms, as Joyce and Virginia Woolf declared many years ago. And Mr Thomson has a thesis: his is the unreassuring Sterne. He writes of the paradox at the heart of the man:

> the determination to laugh as long as he lived and, at the same time, the vulnerability to despair that could creep up on him in the space of a single sentence, as one cell life seen under a microscope

The consequences for his [illegible] output are grave, and Mr Thomson does not gloss over them. Sterne's knowledge of himself was "[illegible] and evasive"; accordingly *Tristram Shandy* and *A Sentimental Journey* and the *Journal to Eliza* reflect uncertainty, this diffidence, this capacity for ultimate self-[illegible]. *Wild Excursions* is based [illegible] main on published sources, but Thomson has also used the [illegible] Record Office to good effect. He has been resourceful in his [illegible] deployment of evidence. He [illegible] he hesitated to interpret [illegible]. And he refuses to weigh [illegible] Irishness of Sterne very heavily in this respect he declares himself at odds with V. S. Pritchett ("[illegible] that terrible, professional, [illegible] streak of the Irish"): "Things may have been talkative, it was the chatter of intoxication. [illegible] his words were often [illegible] exactly. . . His finest [illegible] suggestion is in passing, it is [illegible] reader." All in all *Wild Excursions* is a rich but not bulky book [illegible] will be welcomed.

This is not to say that Mr Thomson is always right. Besides [illegible] *Russelus* will be astonished [illegible] told that Johnson's style is "[illegible] dary and contented"; and [illegible] will be some raised eyebrows [illegible] footnote drawing parallels between Sterne, Ernest Hemingway, and Norman Mailer. But this [illegible] least must be accounted a [illegible] *jeu d'esprit*, for it appears [illegible] impossible to read and write [illegible] Sterne without becoming [illegible] by him.

Parts and wholes

BORIS KUZNETSOV:
Einstein and Dostoyevsky
Translated by Vladimir Talmy.
111pp. Hutchinson Educational. £2.10.

Boris Kuznetsov, Chairman of the International Einstein Committee, opens his discussion of the connexion between Einstein and Dostoevsky by quoting the former's remark about the latter: "He gives me more than any thinker, more than Gauss." The discussion proceeds in parallels, on the pattern of the Euclidian parallel lines which will never meet, until one is reminded in the concluding remarks of Professor Kuznetsov's exegesis of the contemporary state of physics: "It is a question of the disymmetry of probabilities; the field determines the probability of the direction of a displacement." Essentially his is a study concerned with probabilities; it is only in the probabilities that Dostoevsky's agonizing search for a world harmony interconnects with Einstein's thinking on relativity. The portentous subtitle which the jacket gives to this short work does it a disservice: "A study of the relation of modern physics to the main ethical and aesthetic problems of the nineteenth century." It is a study only of Dostoevsky in relation to Einstein and by no means all Dostoevsky's ideas receive attention.

The discussion begins by examining Dostoevsky's "experimental realism" meaning the principal ideas of his major fiction. The shape of things to come is suggested by the interpretation given to Dostoevsky's most explicit political novel, *The Possessed*. Professor Kuznetsov writes:

> What was intended as a pamphlet directed against the revolutionary intelligentsia turns out to be a question directed to the future: in what circumstances can reason lead to *one-value morality*, to the safeguarding and preservation of every human life. That reason, not tradition, must produce this morality is seen in the rationalist fabric of the novel, where every moral criterion is the outcome of mental effort, often extremely painful, which however, never accepts tradition as the source of moral solutions.

True—up to a point: the only "believer" in the novel, Shatov, is shaky in his belief. But why should the evident religious supposition be called *tradition*? If reason is to produce this new morality, though Dostoevsky never saw it that way—is not Marx-Engels-Leninism (which Professor Kuznetsov does not specifically mention but is always lurking in the background of his thought) a traditional mode of thinking after its own fashion? The *terminology* which Professor Kuznetsov employs in his examination of Dostoevsky's though continuously loses the scrupulous scientific accuracy which, if consistently followed as doubtless Einstein would have insisted it should, must elucidate and not mislead.

Not that Professor Kuznetsov misleads in his sincere wish to examine those aspects of Dostoevsky's thought which may have given so much to Einstein. Dostoevsky, unlike Einstein, could never escape from his central preoccupation with the self and insisted on a concept of world harmony that did not ignore the fate of the individual. Professor Kuznetsov is in agreement that this is fully relevant to science, more especially since the development of the hydrogen bomb. The link between Dostoevsky and the physical conclusions in Einstein's theories is, as Professor Kuznetsov sees it, the idea that existence without harmony is an illusion or that harmony is acquired only by disregarding individual fates. Dostoevsky's poetics lead the reader's conscience from the macroscopic harmony of the universe to the intimitable, individual fate of a separate creature. The same claim can be made for many great novelists, though Dostoevsky no doubt posed the problem more powerfully than any other. His work can rightly be described as "an unresolved question addressed to the future" in the sense that the search for cosmic harmony as he projected it in Euclidian terms may find its answer in scientific terms in Einstein's relativity.

The final chapter of this study is a trifle smug and sententious and should have been accompanied by a glossary. It is claimed, for instance, that "we are conscious of a moral harmony of the whole that does not ignore personal fates but, on the contrary, presupposes their apotheosis, their importance, their value". This, we are told, is one of the affirmative answers offered by this century to Dostoevsky's questions. We may wonder at that, but there is more cause for wonder in the interpretation given to Dostoevsky's Grand Inquisitor and the question of freedom. Therefore, of course, as Mr Thomson is not by any means the first to observe, Sterne is of all eighteenth-century novelists the most readily translatable into twentieth-century terms, as Joyce and Virginia Woolf declared many years ago. And Mr Thomson has a thesis: his is the unreassuring Sterne. He writes of the paradox at the heart of the man:

> the determination to laugh as long as he lived and, at the same time, the vulnerability to despair that could creep up on him in the

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Schubert's swansong

JOHN REED:
Schubert: The Final Years
320pp. Faber and Faber. £5.

In October 1959 John Reed published in *Music and Letters* an article, "The 'Gastein' Symphony reconsidered", in which he argued persuasively that the symphony Schubert is known to have written and sketched in the summer of 1825 and to have presented to the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde in Vienna in October 1826 was neither lost nor preserved in piano-duet form as the Grand Duo, opus 140, as some have surmised, but is in fact none other than the "Great" C major. It is true that the date on the first page of the autograph of the C major is March 1828, but, as John Reed pointed out, that date may well refer to a revised version. Indeed, C. F. Pohl, the Gesellschaft's librarian and archivist, put forward the same explanation in 1881 when Sir George Grove first inquired up the idea of a "lost" symphony: "Would it not be possible that Schubert took back his symphony to revise it, and that he added the date only later?"

Mr Reed's case is a strong one; his book presents it again at greater length, and it is to be hoped that in this form it will be given more, and more serious, attention than when it appeared in the pages of a learned quarterly. But, having said this again, Mr Reed really has not much else to say. He demolishes the legend of Schubert's low financial receipts from his compositions and indulges in some intelligent speculation involving other re-dating, notably of the B flat Trio. He knows and loves the music and has thought a great deal about it, yet for the most part his book is more encyclopaedical than critical, a pleasantly discursive account of Schubert's last three years, conveying a lively picture of the whole Schubert circle and indulging in, for the instance, a page of digressive parallels between Schubert and Samuel Palmer.

Mr Reed's style-criticism is highly subjective and his arguments by no means as convincing as those for the re-dating of the C major Symphony. "The one certainty" about the date of the B flat trio "is that it was written before the E flat major trio, since Schubert himself gave it an earlier opus number, and it appears in Diabelli's list of 1831 as "premier grand trio". Precisely similar evidence would establish the "certainty" that Chopin's "First" Piano Concerto, opus 11, really was composed before the "Second", opus 21, which we know was not the case. Indeed Mr Reed himself says on the very next page that "Schubert's opus numbers are a notoriously unreliable guide to the order in which his works were written". So are publishers' posthumous numberings.

Although one hesitates to criticize too severely a labour of evident love, of amateurism in the best sense, it must be said that as an attempt at a genuine *vie musicale* of Schubert's last years, even distantly comparable with a segment of Wyzewa and Saint-Foix's *Mozart*, Mr Reed's book is a failure. His terminology is so loose that he uses "self-borrowings" not only for genuine self-borrowings, such as the transference of the second-movement theme of the A minor Piano Sonata of 1817 to the finale of the great A major of eleven years later, but for general traits of personal style. Worse: he recognizes identities where there are not even similarities. Quoting the opening of Schubert's little-known setting of the cathedral scene from *Faust* (which, incidentally, distorted in Liszt's memory, may have suggested the opening of *Eine Faust-Symphonie*) Mr Reed says, "This theme will be recognized at once as one that plays an important part in the development of the first movement of the B flat sonata." Apart from the different pace, the different rhythm and the different notes, the themes are indeed identical: that is, both are built from a three-note rising arpeggio motive, the smallest of musical small change. On the next page Mr Reed has been misled by a mere optical resemblance to detect in another passage from the *Faust* scene a "thinly disguised form" of "the main tune itself of the sonata movement".

Not all his detected affinities are as wrong-headed as these but his wishful conjectures are uncontrolled by the analytical discipline needed in a serious attempt to correct the chronology of a composer's works. He even fails to correct where correction is necessary, accepting, for instance, that Schubert "used the B flat *Rosamunde* entr'acte for the *Andante* of the A minor quartet", a feat which comparison of the two scores shows to be in the highest degree improbable, whereas the reverse adaptation would have been the simplest thing in the world. Sometimes when Mr Reed seems to be proposing corrected datings, as for the "*Schwanengesang*" songs, he is really saying no more than Otto Erich Deutsch did twenty years ago in his *Schubert: Thematic Catalogue*.

Music in camera

JERROLD NORTHROP MOORE:
Elgar: A Life in Photographs
105pp. Oxford University Press. £3.

Here is an ideal Christmas gift either for an Elgarian who saw Sir Edward and felt him to be the laureate of an era without knowing how cruel it was to him, or an Elgarian who never "went with songs to the battle" and would put no sinister interpretation on the composer's panache and wistfulness unless taught to do so.

For several reasons he is a good subject for a picture book. Certain composers augmented their posthumous iconography by being incapable of living long in one house, and Elgar obliged posterity by inhabiting no less than nineteen. Was Beethoven the champion house-fidget? No: Mozart beat him by three changes of address in the same city and during a much shorter life. Those two classics have been the subjects of at least five fat picture books issued in various countries, and with these we may compare Jerrold Northrop Moore's more sensibly sized but quite as well-filled album.

Lured by the photogenic city in which Mozart was born, by his boyhood tours over half of Europe, and by the chance to show the theatres, settings and characters of his operas, the Mozarteans swell their tributes with items of dubious relevance ("Canterbury, which the Mozarts visited"). Spurious as well as posthumous romantic pictures of the composer are included, as are many of people more elegant than important. Mr Moore is bound by the camera, which was thought unable to lie, and he keeps so close to his subject that one almost wishes he had been self-indulgent, showing the interior of St George's, and the organ Elgar played there, all of the "Three Choirs" conductors who served him, places abroad where he took holidays, perhaps even an amusing prospect of the Imperial Exhibition at Wembley for which he wrote music.

Nothing in the collection is "blown up", whereas one of the Mozart books enlarges a small cameo-medallion to a whole page a foot square, while one heavy and costly German book about Beethoven takes a page to display the luxury binding of a sonata. Instead of a book designed to bring culture into a reception room, here is one that is easy to handle and not too big to shelve; moreover in today's inflated market it has a reasonable price. It must be admitted that the Mozart and Beethoven books incur the extra cost of colour printing. Even so, Mr Moore's monochromes save bulk by their attractive "sweet disorder". They are arranged in what may be called a skilfully amateurish way to produce the effect of a family album, including Aunt Polly's proud cuttings, tickets, programmes, etc.

Minor faults there are, but they may be found only after hard hunting. In the admirable list of sources, the "Enigma" characters are taken from "anonymous photographs". In Novello's booklet ("My Friends Pictured Within") they are described as "hanging in the cottage at Broadheath, near Worcester, where Elgar was born"; but in the booklet they are clearer than Mr Moore's reproductions, as are one or two other already known photographs such as those of the music shop and of Worcester High Street—and how much better the shop looks without the apparently deliberate excision of the premises to right and left! The text is succinct and does not deviate into music criticism; regrettably it suggests that "Pomp and Circumstance" was the title of only one piece, (incidentally, why do we so rarely hear the best of those marches, numbers 2, 3 and 5?) One misses the interesting photograph from Ian Parrott's "Master Musicians" *Elgar*, which shows the family when Edward was "about twenty-one", and also two much clearer old favourites—Elgar conducting the Hyde Park Rally in 1931, and Elgar with Stanford, Allen and others in the garden of Worcester Deanery.

As one relishes the pages, fault-finding seems petulant. The richest haul is of Elgar's childhood and youth, for it contains many pictures known by very few people and it illustrates the extent and severity of Elgar's struggles, including those with himself. We are helped to understand those facets of his character which were notably revealed recently when Rose Burley's book (from which Mr Moore quotes) was no longer withheld from publication.

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The abstraction of the voice

BY GABRIEL JOSIPOVICI

Though operas got on being written, it must by now be patently obvious that Schoenberg's *Moses und Aron* marks the end of the road. *Moses und Aron* is, among other things, an extended meditation on the possibility of art in general and of opera in particular, and, like so many twentieth-century masterpieces, it forces us to reconsider our own relationship both to the individual work of art and to artistic and cultural history.

Where music is concerned that history, though full of inner contradictions, can be briefly told. In the Middle Ages music was subservient to the cult, the composer an artisan and decorator, the forms vocal and polyphonic. With the Renaissance a humanization of music took place, harmony began to replace polyphony and the voice started to be used for the expression of individual feeling. It was not, however, till the birth of Romanticism that music finally changed from being a skill to being an art. In fact it acquired a privileged position as the art most capable of expressing the feelings of men, and with Beethoven we find a dominating subjectivity moulding musical organization in response to the needs of expression, filling out and expanding both development and variation, which had originally been subordinate elements in the sonata form, until the form itself burst, unable to contain the richness of individual feeling. At the same time the climax of what his own and later generations have recognized as the supreme expression of Romantic hope and belief in the powers of man, the Ninth Symphony, finds Beethoven reaching out beyond the purely orchestral towards the realm of language, man's unique possession. Nor is it surprising to find Beethoven's natural successor, Wagner, discovering his own genius in an utterly new blending of words and music. "The whole development of music in Germany", Thomas Mann has said, "strove towards the word-tone drama of Wagner and therein found its goal."

But the Wagnerian triumph, already tinged with so much melancholy and regret, marks a turning-point in the history of music, comparable with that occupied in literature by *Les Fleurs du mal*. For those who came after, Mallarmé or Schoenberg, Kafka or Webern, unexpected doubts began to creep in. In the place of torrential creativity came the fear of sterility and a deep uncertainty about the validity of the whole enterprise. So long as art is linked to cult such questions do not arise. So long as there is absolute confidence in the vision of the individual they are kept at bay. But, by the turn of the century, in all the arts, it was being asked: Why art? Why the elaborate pretence of art?

For four hundred years [says the Devil in Mann's *Doktor Faustus*] all great music has found its satisfaction in pretending. My friend, it cannot go on. The criticism of ornament, convention, and the abstract generality are all the same one. What it demolishes is the pretence of the bourgeois work of art.

Why art, then, except to satisfy the demands of the patrons of the opera houses, the theatres, the bookshops of the Western world? And in what does this satisfaction consist? Partly, of course, in the savouring of the beautiful. But much more in the bolstering up of the belief that there is a meaning to history, to civilization, to life itself. But for the man who can no longer find it in himself to accept this, what other solution is there than silence? The art and history of the past 100 years is full of men who have grown silent because they had an insight into the fraud and cannot find it in themselves to go on playing the game as though nothing had happened.

Yet, for the artist, the need to create persists, despite the impossibility of creation. The styles of Modernism grow out of the response to this paralysing paradox. In the case of Schoenberg it led to the invention of twelve-tone composition, a "strict style" in which "every note of the whole composition, both melody and harmony, would have to show its relation to the fixed fundamental series", as Mann describes it. This new rigour restored to Schoenberg and his pupils the possibility of once again creating large-scale works, since form would no longer be dependent on a suspect subjectivity. But it did not resolve the problem of the dramatic union of words and music, and thus the central problem of the relation of music to man, and music to truth. The opera *Moses und Aron* is both an exploration of this problem and a kind of desperate solution.

At once we are faced with a startling paradox. The hero speaks. He does not sing. The protagonist of a grand opera and he does not sing. But how, given the subject-matter, could he? To sing would be to turn God's message, of which Moses is the custodian, into a beautiful object, to be admired by the people of Israel and the opera-house audience, instead of a truth to which they must respond. Kierkegaard, in his great essay on *Don Giovanni*, had already drawn the distinction between the world of music, which is both immediate and timeless, and the ethical world of choice and renunciation. For Kierkegaard *Don Giovanni* is the supreme opera, since its hero embodies sheer music, the triumph of erotic immediacy. Yet he recognizes that it is only right that the opera should begin and end with the Commendatore, since music cannot survive the stony grip of ethics and responsibility. In *Moses und Aron* it is as though the Commendatore had moved into the centre of the picture. Moses will not compromise. He will not sing when he can speak. Yet without song he cannot reach the people. It is Aaron who has to sing for him, acting as a bridge between God and men. But the bridge proves inadequate, a gross distortion of the truth. The climax comes with the orgiastic worship of the Golden Calf by the people. As George Steiner has rightly said:

> The Golden Calf is both the logical culmination of, and a covert satire on, that catalogue of orgiastic ballets and ritual dances which is one of the distinctive traits of grand opera from Mussonet's *Hérodiade* to *Tannhäuser*, from *Aida* and *Samson et Dalila* to *Parsifal* and *Salome*.

Schoenberg presents the operatic audience with what it wants, and simultaneously reveals that wanting for what it is: decadent, self-indulgent aestheticism, propping up a despairing fear of the void.

The Golden Calf episode provokes a crisis in Moses. He realizes that it is not simply song which is false but words themselves. All expression is inadequate, there will always be an ineradicable gap between words and The Word. His last despairing utterance finds its echo in the works of nearly every major modern artist: "Oh word, thou word that I lack!" And *Moses und Aron* joins Keats's *Hyperion* and Beethoven's Piano Sonata opus 111 as a work whose very incompleteness (Schoenberg wrote only two of its projected three acts) stands as an unanswerable rebuke to every well-made work, every self-satisfied artefact, produced in the past century and a half.

* * *

The view of cultural history I have outlined above is a familiar one. It is the standard view of those critics and philosophers of art who are heirs to the great tradition of German Romanticism and Modernism. To it we owe the insights of an Erich Heller, a Theodor Adorno, a George Steiner. As a critical and explanatory model it is vastly superior to the liberal positivist view prevalent in the English-speaking world, which, under the guise of objectivity and common sense, peddles a version of cultural history already effectively demolished by Nietzsche and Proust before the First World War. But it is worth noting that though *Doktor Faustus* is a major monument in that tradition (and one that I have been able to quote from quite naturally above), Mann seems uneasy with the ways the issues are presented. By making his narrator a parody of a latter-day humanist he seems to be asking whether the crisis model of history is not itself the product of a specific set of cultural assumptions; whether, in fact, it is correct to speak of culture or music as having come to the end of the road (as I did at the start of this article), and whether one ought not instead to speak of it as having come to the end of a road: that broad road which leads from the Renaissance to the nineteenth century, and along which are to be found most of the works of art with which educated Europeans are familiar today.

We will not find answers to these questions in Mann himself. Like Schoenberg, he is too much a part of European and German culture to do more than glimpse the possibility of alternative attitudes. But let us listen to another voice, one strangely free of the doubts and self-torment to which Mann and Schoenberg are prone:

> An example of a musical antithesis to me in my own time is *Wozzeck*. What disturbs me about this great work and one that I love, is the level of its appeal to "ignoram" audiences, with whom one may attribute its success to: (1) the story; (2) Bible, child sentiment; (3) sex; (4) brevity; (5) dynamics . . .; (6) muted brass . . .; (7) the idea that the vocal line [illegible] emotion; (8) the orchestral flagellation in the interludes; (9) the audience's feeling that it is being modern.
>
> Passionate emotion can be conveyed by very different means than these, and within the most "limiting conventions." The Turkish miniaturists, for example, were forbidden to portray facial expression. In one moving scene, from the life of an early Zoroastrian king . . . two lovers confront each other with stony looks, but the man unconsciously touches his finger to his lips, and this packs the picture with, for me, as much passion as the *crescendo molto* in *Wozzeck*.

Thus Stravinsky, in conversation with Robert Craft. And the important fact about Stravinsky, which we are just beginning to recognize, is that his roots do not simply lie outside the German or French musical tradition but outside the whole stream of post-Renaissance European culture. He is rooted not just in the Greek Orthodox Church, not just in the vanished world of nineteenth-century Petersburg, but in an Asian, Tartar world. In his conversations he recalls the cries of the street vendors of Petersburg, especially those of the "Tartars"—though in truth they did not so much cry as cluck. . . . Only rarely did they speak Russian, and the low, frog-like noises of their language were an irresistible invitation to mockery". He recalls too the countrywomen of Ly singing on their way home from the fields in the evening, the peasant music heard in the Ukraine, and the dances at the country fairs. This does not merely help to explain his choice of subject-matter in the early stage works; it also allows us to see how very limited and limiting is our own European concern with expressivity.

Not surprisingly, in his search for texts to set, Stravinsky was drawn not to the European lyric tradition but to Russian popular texts, nursery rhymes and word-games. And he made a vital discovery, for

> one important characteristic of Russian popular verse is the accents of the spoken text are ignored when the verse is [illegible]. The recognition of the [illegible] sibilities inherent in this [illegible] one of the most [illegible] coveries of my life; I was [illegible] man who suddenly finds [illegible] finger can be bent from the [illegible] joint as well as from the [illegible]

No wonder Stravinsky relished this discovery. For [illegible] entire problem which [illegible] mented the Romantic [illegible] Romantic composer [illegible] Mann's composer-hero Leverkühn, like Schoenberg, was [illegible] had already noted: "Musical [illegible] be, the human voice—the human being, if you like. [illegible] is a kind of abstraction [illegible] that of the naked body—it is [illegible] all, more a pudendum." [illegible] by the paradox that language [illegible] that which the voice, [illegible] completely removed from [illegible] body. The alternative is [illegible] voice erupt into a scream or [illegible] a sigh, but though all [illegible] century vocal music moves [illegible] direction of the scream or the [illegible] it reaches it at its peril, for [illegible] or sigh can last more than [illegible] seconds.

Stravinsky's joyful discovery, however, gave back to the composer limited possibilities for writing music at once abstract and [illegible] diate, human and unidentifiable. Throughout the rest of his life he was to show a fondness for [illegible] texts in foreign languages, [illegible] ably those, such as Latin or Hebrew, at some remove from [illegible] potential audience.

As soon as the voice ceases to be thought of as expressing the feelings of an individual a completely new musico-dramatic form can emerge. Stravinsky recalls, of *Renard*:

> I planned the staging myself, always with the consideration that it should not be confounded with opera. The players are to be [illegible] ing acrobats and the singers not to be identified with the [illegible] as in *Les Noces*, the performers' musical and mimetic talents should be used together on the stage, with the singers in the centre of the [illegible] mental ensemble.

Les Noces is the great work of this period, and Stravinsky's description of what he wanted to achieve is of great importance:

> *Les Noces* is a suite of [illegible] wedding episodes told [illegible] quotations of typical talk. The latter, whether the bride's or groom's, the parents' or guests', is always ritualistic. A collection of clichés and quotations of typical wedding [illegible] might be compared to one of the scenes of *Ulysses* in which the reader seems to be present at scraps of conversation without connecting thread of [illegible] But *Les Noces* might also be compared to *Ulysses* in the [illegible] sense that both works are [illegible] present rather than to describe.

Individual roles do not exist in *Les Noces*, but only archetypes, so that impersonators now one [illegible] character and now another. The soprano in the first scene is not the bride, but merely a [illegible] voice; the same voice is associated with the goose in the first scene. Even the proper names in the [illegible] . . . belong to no one in particular. They were chosen for their [illegible] their syllables, and their [illegible] typically.

What Stravinsky is [illegible] here is, we might say, the [illegible] aesthetic. Instead of [illegible] the work *presents*; instead of expressing, the singers' [illegible] It is an aesthetic [illegible] would have been instinctively [illegible] by all men at all periods of [illegible] for the tiny portion of the Western Europe, in that minute [illegible] of time which has elapsed [illegible] sixteenth century. For if [illegible] and *Les Noces* have little in [illegible] with Verdi or Puccini or [illegible] Berg, they do have a great [illegible] in common with the music [illegible] of Indonesia, China and [illegible] with the medieval *Play of [illegible]* and with the *commedia dell'* [illegible] Like Picasso and Joyce, [illegible], overthrowing the [illegible] conventions of his time, found [illegible] in touch once more with [illegible] and still vital traditions of

* * *

[illegible] Benjamin has acutely [illegible] the crucial function of [illegible] and gesture in Brecht's

> [illegible] task of the epic theatre . . . is [illegible] as much the development of [illegible] as the representation of [illegible] actions. This does not mean [illegible] production as the theoreticians [illegible] Naturalism understood it. [illegible], the truly important thing [illegible] discover the conditions of life. [illegible] this . . . takes place through [illegible] interruption of happenings. . . . [illegible] theatre is by definition a [illegible] theatre. For the more frequently we interrupt someone in the [illegible] of acting, the more gestures will [illegible]
>
> [illegible] interruption is the theatrical [illegible] of cubist distortion and [illegible] dislocation. Its effect is to [illegible] the spectator the comforts of [illegible] naturalistic illusion. It pitches him [illegible] a world whose space is non-[illegible] and where mood is lowered [illegible] make any one individual but [illegible] over all the elements. Since [illegible] work can no longer be reduced [illegible] spectators, every element—such [illegible] gesture, speech, costume, props—[illegible] have equal significance. What [illegible] here is a *superficial* art, an art [illegible] focuses on *surfaces*. When [illegible] have learnt to use these words [illegible] other than a pejorative way we [illegible] have learnt the rudiments of [illegible] such an art has to teach.
>
> [illegible] it is often said that a physical [illegible] theatre of this kind is one [illegible] must do without words (it was [illegible] of the errors of Artaud). But [illegible] is to fall back into an expressionist aesthetic, however negatively. [illegible] the contrary, such a theatre requires words, but as the expression [illegible] of the total body rather than of [illegible] In an Ionesco or a Pinter play, for example, speech has a far more important function than in Ibsen or Shaw. For speech is used not to impart information about situation or character but as a weapon or shield, as an extension of the arm or the chest, an instrument of *survival*. Again, works like Berio's *Laborintus II*, Stockhausen's *Stimmung*, or Lutoslawski's marvellous Michaux settings, do more than treat the voice in startling new ways. The vocal writing conveys a new sense of space, one which is both very physical and very abstract, quite unlike that conveyed by Western music of the past 400 years. Yet we recognize it with pleasure as a space our body can inhabit. It is a potential space, like that marked out by the gymnast's body flying through the air, and our pleasure at experiencing it is pleasure at human potential momentarily realized rather than anything known or understood.

* * *

In such a situation the role of the librettist becomes less to prepare a text for the composer to set than to present the composer with ideas which can generate genuine musico-dramatic works. Since the turn of the century, in fact, a completely new relation has come into being between literature and music. *L'Après-midi d'un faune* is pure programme music, but *Estampes* suggests not a specific set of engravings but the formal problems of engraving in general. We have seen Stravinsky compare the form of *Les Noces* to that of some parts of *Ulysses*, and the Cyclops chapter of that work lies behind Maxwell Davies's procedure in his *L'Homme armé* Mass:

> In the Joyce [Maxwell Davies writes] a conversation in a tavern is interrupted by insertions which *solve* upon a small, passing idea to the main narrative and amplify this, often out of all proportion, in a style which bears no relation to the style of the germinal idea. . . .

Not only the Mass in question but a great deal of Maxwell Davies's recent music can be traced back to this passage. The model for Gordon Crosse's second violin concerto is Nabokov's *Pale Fire*, since the notion of a lyrical core overwhelmed by a grotesque commentary helped the composer to see how some of his own preoccupations could best be explored. Examples of such "borrowing" could easily be multiplied, but the point I wish to make is clear: artists, in whatever medium, now look to the other arts to provide them with structural models rather than stories, sights or sounds for them to imitate or embellish. Unfortunately, in England at any rate, composers have proved better readers than writers are listeners. We await the playwright or novelist who will take his cue from Stockhausen's *Mantra* or Harrison Birtwistle's marvellous *The Triumph of Time*, itself already indebted to Brueghel's painting.

* * *

Once one abandons an aesthetic of imitation or expression, the distinction between opera (words subservient to music) and theatre (music subservient to words) disappears. *Les Noces*, Britten's *Curlew River*, Maxwell Davies's *Songs for a Mad King*, Berio's *Laborintus II*, Beckett's *Lessness*, Pinter's *Silence*—all are artistic constructs which create and allow us to experience a new sense of space and time. It does not matter that some are by composers, some by writers. Martin Esslin's radio presentation of *Lessness* and an Aldeburgh performance of *Curlew River* have been among the artistic experiences I recall with most pleasure from the past ten years; I would be hard put to it to know which was the more musical, which the more dramatic.

And yet, it must be said, today no traditions are possible. Each work is a fresh raid on the inarticulate. Britten's attempt to create a tradition of music drama is instructive. Neither of the two church operas that followed *Curlew River* was as good as the first. More important, they were, in a significant sense, redundant. Each new work today seems to require a rethinking of the entire form; each new success remains that and nothing else: one success, against all the odds. In music-theatre, as in drama or fiction, it is an illusion to believe that it is the relative newness of what is being attempted that is the cause of frequent failure.

Nevertheless, a change has started to come over the arts in the years since *Renard* and *Les Noces*. One can at least begin to breathe. The long nightmare of post-Renaissance Europe, that mixture of lunatic pride and unbelievable naivety, though it gains momentum in many spheres of life, shows signs, here and there, of receding. We will not wake up tomorrow and find it gone. But at least we can, even in London, occasionally enter a theatre or concert hall and find ourselves in a world where a cleaner air prevails.

Gabriel Josipovici, novelist, playwright and author of The Word and the Book, *is a lecturer in the School of European Studies at the University of Sussex.*



Aron showing Aron the tables of the law in Act II of Schoenberg's opera: "Do you now understand the power which idea has over both word and image?" Richard Lewis (Aron) and Forbes Robinson (Moses) in the Covent Garden production.

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ONE OF THE MORE positive aspects of our current disillusion with "Western civilization" is a recognition that only a microscopic percentage of man's creative achievement has depended on literacy. We are less confident than we used to be that the glories of post-Renaissance culture obliterate the "primitive" artefacts of so-called folk and savages, let alone the often unnoticed and unnotable poetry, dance and music of the great Oriental civilizations. The significance of jazz throughout the twentieth century may lie in the fact that it is an oral art activity surviving, dispossessed, in the midst of industrial technocracy; and that there is so little useful writing about jazz may be endemic to its nature, since to talk about an oral art is a paradox. This may also be a reason—though certainly not the only one—why there is as yet almost no responsible writing about the new, semi-oral pop music of young people. It is hardly surprising that literate man should have had difficulty in rationally understanding what happens when he responds, or tries to respond, to an oral art at first hand.

That we can no longer ignore oral traditions has, however, become manifest; and the publication in 1960 of Albert B. Lord's *The Singer of Tales* was a decisive event. For Mr Lord—following the work of his teacher Milman Parry—attempted to approach the oral cultures of Homer and the medieval epic by way of fieldwork within Yugoslav oral traditions that still flourish. Transcribing and notating the creations of bardic singer-poets, Mr Lord at last asked the essential questions: How far are the myths that generate the sung poems part of the universal heritage of man's psyche? How far are they indigenous to local cultures? How is improvised composition possible? How much is traditional, how much personal, in the use of metaphorical and metrical formulas? What is the difference between memorization and re-creation? How precisely does the relationship between word and tune (whether it be syllabic incantation or the developed melody) function?

In industrialized England we still have a few oral traditions, unself-consciously preserving established formulas that can vividly accommodate contemporary events. More precariously there are survivals of rural oral traditions in darkest Ireland and starkest Scotland, if no longer in wildest Wales; and Scots balladry has been admired by the literarily cultivated ever since the Romantic Revival. About the poetry of the ballads—taken down by collectors from the recitation of rural folk, or culled in modified forms from broadsheets—much has been written, some of it valuable. Yet even the most sensitive writing about ballad poetry has been vitiated by the authors' ignorance of the nature of oral tradition: David Buchan's book is important because it is the first substantial contribution to the subject in the post-Lord era. It pays direct homage to Lord and Parry and peripherally bows to Marshall McLuhan, who has told us why, in the world of mass media, oral traditions once more matter. It asks the essential questions which Mr Lord asked; if it cannot provide definitive answers—for a reason to be referred to later—it opens the field for future investigators.

The first section of the book discusses what is meant by that amorphous concept "the Folk", inquiring into the kind of social group that is likely to produce an oral tradition. The discussion of the nature of communal existence in an (originally medieval) agrarian order reveals the relationships between Border and "Clannit" societies and their Scandinavian prototypes; the documentation justifies Mr Buchan's neat summary: "Traditional balladry flourished in a non-literate, homogeneous, agricultural society, dominated by semi-independent chieftains, that is situated in a remote, hilly or border region where cultures meet and feuds and wars abound."

The second part of the book asks Mr Lord's questions about the functioning of oral composition. The old quarrels over individual authorship and folk memory are shown to be meaningless: each singer-poet creates the tale, the myth, the words afresh in the act of performance, but can do so only by relying on patterns and systems of poetic language that are part of a communal heritage. It is interesting that the finest group of ballads in Child's famous collection came to him by way of Anna Brown, daughter of an Aberdeen university professor and wife of a Falkland minister. An educated woman, born in 1727, she was able to leave her literacy behind her as the songs of her childhood were reborn on her lips. As Mr Buchan puts it, "Born one generation earlier, she would probably have remained unrecorded; born one generation later, she would not have been able to compose her ballads on the old oral method."

The next few chapters deal with the traditional folk themes, which spring from the tough local life yet have tentacular roots that are clearly archetypal; and with the technical means—the stylized alternation of dialogue and narration, the shaping rhythms and rhymes and repetitions, the conventionalized situations, flora and fauna—whereby oral composition becomes feasible, and an effect of ritualized "distancing" is achieved without sacrifice of dramatic impact. The chapter on the "sound" of the ballads is especially valuable, since it takes us to the heart of orality. The sound is more important than the "correct" words; indeed there are no correct words, for "through generations of use traditional language acquires . . . connotative reverberations unrecognized by ears untuned to tradition". The oral poet does not need to aspire to originality. He must "reinforce his society's ethos" (whereas the literate poet merely may do so); but in the process he finds self-fulfilment. This becomes less true as agrarian society disintegrates and even folk poets acquire a smattering of literacy. When this happens, folk songs often become protest songs also. Mr Buchan writes ably and interestingly of the new society and of the bothy ballads and chap ballads that are its vigorous if unstable expression. In the nature of the case, however, the earlier part of his book is the more important; if he is not the first to discuss the nature of ballad orality, he might claim to be the first to subject Scots oral tradition to scholarly appraisal.

Having said this, one must add that the book's value is partial, for a reason Mr Buchan is well aware of: it treats the verses independently of the tunes. Now the essence of an oral tradition is that it is sung: Mr Lord's Serbo-Croatian bards all call themselves singers, learning their techniques of incantation by ear, along with the traditional tales. Similarly, though Child collected only the words of Scots ballads, the verses were in fact usually sung (this is what collectors mean even when they describe the ballads as having been "recited" in a monotone), and the performers were often unable to recreate the words if they could not recall the tune. We now have—or are in process of acquiring—Bronson's monumental collection of the tunes to the Child ballads; and should now be able to admit that it was literally absurd that words and tunes should ever have been separated.

Study of the ballads cannot in any serious sense be said to have begun until we discuss the interaction of words and music; and this means not merely the shapes—the melodic and rhythmic characteristics—of the tunes as simultaneous projections of the words, but also the technique of performance typical of unlettered singers—the distortions of pitch, the elongations and ellipses of rhythm, the tensions between the violence of the verbal narration and the tranced, impersonal manner of the singing. It will not do to say that we cannot attempt this because we can have no knowledge of the original conditions of performance; there are now recordings—especially those of the great Jeannie Robertson and her daughter Lizzie Higgins—which thrillingly recall what we had believed to be a lost art. So although any discussion of the real nature of Scots ballad tradition as a marriage of word and tune is bound to be speculative, it can no longer be for that reason evaded.

That literary and musical critics cannot or will not cross one another's boundaries is itself part of the process whereby oral traditions declined; if we seriously believe that oral traditions are being and ought to be revived, we must produce critics and scholars equally at home with poetry and with music. Up to the present only one book—Willis Muir's beautiful *Living with Ballads*—offers a hint on how ballads may be poetically and musically experienced in the ears, blood and bones. Significantly Mrs Muir is the wife of a fine Scots poet and herself a writer of some distinction; her imaginative apprehension of ballad poetry was fired first by her own participation in the songgames of her rural childhood, then by memories of peasant singers heard in adolescence and early maturity, and finally by the Jeannie Robertson recordings, to which she responds no less potently because in later years she has lived far removed from the ballad's primeval world.

If the true nature of oral traditions is a subject so far inadequately investigated, so is a complementary topic—the precise relationships between "Folk" and "art" traditions. To be fair, this is a theme about which it is difficult to be precise, since interrelationships between folk, pop and art musics work best when the barriers between them are least clearly defined—as was the case in England through the Middle Ages, up to the later seventeenth century; Scotland, in her golden age, the High Renaissance, proved no exception. By the eighteenth century most of the centres of European civilization had established a sharp differentiation between folk music (which is monodic, orally transmitted, amateur, unselfconscious, inexpensive, relatively static) and art music (which is polyphonic or harmonic, notated, professional, selfconscious, expensive, subject to the vagaries of fashion). By this time Scotland is no longer entirely in step, largely because of its geographical position: it was sufficiently remote from "Europe" for its folk traditions to retain their vigour, while at the same time its few centres of urban civilization were advanced enough, given its Renaissance heritage, to encourage cultural sophistication. David Johnson has lighted on a fascinating theme in dealing with the interrelationships between folk and urban cultures in this topically restricted area, over a chronologically restricted period of time. What he has to say, in a book built on tough scholarship but executed with urbane grace, affords insights relevant beyond the apparently confined field of which he writes.

Though in all societies there must be overlaps between folk culture and art culture, eighteenth-century Scotland offers peculiarly pleasant examples working, as it were, from both ends. Thus Scots fiddle music is essentially and flourishingly a folk art which, during the eighteenth century, tended to supplant traditional bagpipe music as an accompaniment to dance. Most of the fiddlers were amateur, and of working if not labouring class; they played monodically, using a reedy tone analogous to that of folk fiddlers in much older rural communities. Yet the violin in Scotland was a European importation, associated with the urban vogue for polite music, especially that of Corelli and Handel; and the harmonic techniques of Italianate violin music undoubtedly influenced the fiddlers' performance. Nor was Scots fiddle music exclusively or mainly a lower-class art. The music was played increasingly by the middle classes and even by the aristocracy; for which public the reels and strathspeys were written down in fiddle-tune books that proved commercially rewarding.

Many folk fiddlers turned professional, some earned their living by playing polite (i.e. European) music; yet the folk flavour of their music was not obscured. One of the finest of the earlier fiddle composers, James Oswald, who started off as a Dunfermline dancing-master, composed courtly minuets, embellishing with elegantly Corellian ornamentation monodic tunes that preserve modal, even pentatonic, contours hardly distinguishable from those of his adaptations of traditional pipe melodies. Later, the fiddle tunes of the great Niel Gow and his descendants are more academically violinistic in technique, with latent harmonic implications; yet he still composed monodically, and the "gapped" scales of folk tradition preserve his music's earthy virility. Justly celebrated though he became in polite society, his music reminds us that he was son of a village weaver.

Scots fiddle music, then, borrows elements from European art music which in turn it enriches. The opposite process occurs in seventeenth-century church music: the Renaissance Scots church had been highly professional, complex and sophisticated. Yet Presbyterianism stifled the brilliance, substituting—where it was permitted at all—a monotonous diet of a few syllabic chants, dreary than austere. The congregations—the folk—sang their own back by way of improvised flowering out of the pitched tation. They ignored the orchordal sequence of the stopped its flagging pulse; they added twiddling embellishments (they appropriately them Quavers) at the end of lines. Since everyone embellished "regardless", at the pitch-level of his or her voice, created a primitive non-harmonic, even anti-harmonic, heterophony, wildly barbarous to civilized eighteenth-century ears, though it would probably speak (and also from some extraordinary tape-recording in the BBC archives) with the honest passion born, perhaps, of desperation. As Mr Johnson points out, "Church music changed from the in 1635, a minor and unaccompanied example of classical music to the year 1700, a weird and complex example of folk music"—and strictly this is true in the sense that the fact that a precentor or clerk, bored with his unpunctuated edition of one of the twelve traditioned chants, accidentally jumped from the middle of Psalm 87 to the "Ballad of Sir Patrick Spens" without noticing the difference—and the congregation followed him too—is, as says Mr Johnson: though it would be a more apposite adverb, according to eighteenth-century opinion.

Such incidents were by no means uncommon, so deeply rooted was folk tradition, even in urban societies. Mr Johnson tells us that the homophonic folk-psalm singing disappeared from Lowland churches by 1800, though it survived, longer in the Highlands, appearing as somewhat tipsily pious entertainment in the home. Those RIC suggest that there must be outposts of survival even in the cities. There is a parallel with psalmody in American hymnody as practised in the school of William Billings, the vitality of whose music is synonymous with the "singing" perpetrated in European hymnody.

The ambivalent relationship between folk and art music in eighteenth-century Scotland are part of a reflection of her near-schizophrenic cultural bifurcation. As Mr Johnson puts it,

> Folk music flourished as the repertory remained the same, classical music flourished as its repertory developed; folk music was peculiar to Scotland, classical music was common to Europe; folk music required no formal education for its participation, classical music required a great deal of it. Upper classes in the eighteenth century enjoyed each kind of music in separate ways corresponding to, and symbolizing these functional features. In folk music they found an expression of conservatism, of national identity, and of community solidarity, classes of fellow Scots; in classical music they found an expression of progress, of participation in Europe, of community with educated classes.

The most talented Scots composers of art music during the period, according to Mr Johnson, were the Earl of Kelly, Tenducci, Raymond Russell and Frank Sinclair, with a collection of special-subject books concerned with particular surviving instruments, or with certain controversial issues pertaining to the history of musical instruments. As the editor, Peter Ripin, reveals, the current scope employed in working with records is to treat the historical documents themselves as the primary documents, setting them in the context of associated examples, works of archival and iconographical material.

Thus Frank Hubbard who discusses the harpsichord by Tabel at Hesse as dubious. Charles Mould reconstructs the instrument for which Handel wrote his inscription on the upper keyboard lower manual which, he says, seems to have overlooked. This is Tabel's own signature which may be compared with the one which (both are reproduced) amuses the book's excellent series of sixty-two plates). Mr Mould mentions that the bridges on this instrument have been moved. It looks in fact as though the lute register (although a common enough feature in English instruments) is a later addition.

Also at Warwick can be seen John Prudd's musician angels, in the stained-glass windows of St Mary's Church. The harpsichord shown there is a perfect "Italian" instrument, and portrayed nearly a century before the earliest actual surviving example. This illustration can be seen among a group of thirty-two which Edmund Bowles has documented in his check list of fifteenth-century representations of stringed keyboard instruments. Here is a marvellous wealth of material for the study of the early development of the harpsichord and clavichord and their variant forms. John Barnes has closely examined the dispositions, compasses and scalings of four six-fourth-century Italian harpsichords, and reveals that the hitherto assumed uniformity of all Italian instruments from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century is specious. (This view is confirmed by Friedemann Hellwig, who shows that there was an interesting category of single-strung harpsichord, which even by Cristofori's time had not become extinct.) Another assumption—that all Flemish doubles until after 1630 were transposers—is scotched by J. H. van der Meer, who shows that contrasting doubles were produced in the workshops of the Ruckers family.

Mr Ripin himself has investigated the origins of the Flemish harpsichord-building school, of which the most characteristic products are those of the Ruckers family, and he establishes, largely by reference to iconographical evidence, that there was an intermediate tradition of building in the development of which Germany took a central part. That marvellous Dutch player Gustav Leonhardt adds words of praise for the seventeenth-century Flemish spinets and muselars.

The book's other two essays are on less central themes—the Trucchiado Geigenwerk (?), and the Wemes Claviorganum. One hopes that this volume will soon be followed up by a collection of studies on the eighteenth-century piano.

DAVID BUCHAN:

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...position may today be ...ered. At least there is no ...ent danger that Dowland's ...ositions, as it should be; and, ...must massive of all, looms the chapter on the song-books. One's high expectations are unfortunately soon dashed. The approach is that of the catalogue—each chapter follows the same procedure, individual works being discussed in order as they come. As a result significant generalizations about Dowland's attitude to words, choice of poems, handling of the lute as an accompanying instrument, harmonic idioms and experiments, expectations of the singer, and so forth, are lost in a welter of detail. The comments made on individual items tend to be of an editorial rather than a critical, analytical or historical kind. The latter are often commonplace. Thus, of "Deare if you change", we read that the "Earth, heaven, fire, aire" of one line "would, to the Elizabethan mind, have had overtones of reference to the current philosophical ideas . . . of the four elements", and that the setting of another line shows the "simple device of the misplaced accent" ingeniously and appropriately used. No other comments are made; these are banalities.

Miss Poulton, with a truly nineteenth-century diffuseness, amasses and prints notes made over the years, including the misreadings of previous editors both literary and musical (is it really necessary to hear about the egregious errors of Oliphant in *La Musa Madrigalesca* of 1837?). She takes all the liberty of an editor to hang notes on the text (a lot of her comments cannot be understood without a full text of the songs to hand, despite liberal poetic and musical quotation); but she does not accept the responsibility of an editor to be comprehensive, orderly, and concise. Most of the individual commentaries are the accumulation of minutiae ("in the second stanza Dr Fellowes alters 'child to this black fast night' to 'child to the black faced night'", and so on). It is true that some of the minutiae are extremely interesting—in particular the musical variants in the 1606 edition of the first song-book—the elimination in song 1 of a chord of the augmented fifth; the addition of decorative passages in the lute accompaniment to song 2; and so on. And, as one would expect from such an experienced lutenist as Miss Poulton, there are passages of penetrating insight into the lute's function and into its special sonorities. She writes, for instance, of "Come heavy sleepe":

> The last words of line four "sorrows sigh swoln cries" end on a full close with a chord of G major; a chord which on the lute is mainly composed of notes on the open strings, giving a clear ringing quality. This will support a considerable volume of tone from the singer. The next line begins on a B major chord which, by the position of the notes on the strings of the instrument, has a somewhat more muted tone colour. If the singer drops his voice to match the natural change of quality in the accompaniment the repeated notes of the invocation to sleep then take on a kind of hushed urgency. . . .

The catalogue approach, incidentally, leads to some duplication between the main text and the bibliography; it would not seem necessary to list the individual songs for each publication all over again. Otherwise the appendixes and bibliography are extremely useful. This will be the necessary starting-point for anyone working on the sources of Dowland's music in future.

It is, in sum, extremely hard to discuss this massive and in many ways impressive book without seeming to be parading "curious and biting censures". If it is not in itself the definitive study, it certainly contains all the material from which the definitive study of Dowland could be written. It amasses material, old and new, with a lavish generosity which has taken no regard of expense: it is a mine from which future researchers will quarry. It would, however, have been a better book if the shaping spirit of imagination had been allowed to have a greater part in its organization, and if a sharper spirit of generalization had given it meaningful coherence.

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BRIAN BOND:

The Victorian Army and the Staff College 1854-1914

350 pp. Eyre Methuen. £5.50.

Brian Bond, who has made a special study of Britain's Victorian Army, will enhance his reputation by this well-researched and illuminating book. His aim has been to place the history of the Staff College within the broader context of the gradual transformation of the Army from the immediate aftermath of the "debacle in the Crimea to the dispatch of the small but highly efficient Expeditionary Force to France in 1914". This was a period when the Staff College was the only institution devoted to the instruction of the future leaders of the Army after they had been commissioned. As such it had many shortcomings, though gradually it put behind it much of its reputation for pedantry and became more practical, more ready to study inter-service problems and those of imperial defence. Gradually, too, the Staff College produced a steady flow of able students, with some outstanding officers among them: but too much time was spent in the familiar Camberley area, instructors of experience were lacking, and there was no guarantee that a successful graduate would receive a staff posting. The selection system for staff officers long remained inadequate, and little experience was gained by these men of working together with their generals in peacetime. Older generals often had no conception of how to make use of them. Fortunately the creation of a General Staff in the decade before the First World War marked an immensely important step for Army and Staff College alike.

Mr Bond brings out clearly the influence of men like Hamley, Hildyard and Henderson, the effect of the Cardwell Reforms and the Esher Committee, and above all the impact of three later commandants, who are vividly portrayed. Of these commandants, Rawlinson widened the scope of the course and established regular connexions with the Royal Navy; the flamboyant, controversial Henry Wilson, an ardent francophile who was obsessed by the coming struggle with Germany, laid emphasis on Continental warfare and founded a "School of Thought"; "Wully" Robertson discouraged an academic attitude and was concerned to bring home to students that staff employment in war was tough and testing.

Despite the experience of the South African War, the Staff College was allowed to close shortly after the outbreak of the First World War. This leads the author to one of his most important and thought-provoking chapters, in which he analyses how the Staff College and the General Staff stood up to the test of war—until the spring of 1915, by which time a waste of facilities and expertise had been evident and the small band of PSCs had suffered very heavy losses. Indeed, of the 447 officers in the Army List of August 1914 who were PSCs of Camberley or Quetta—the Staff College in India had been created by Kitchener in 1904-05—half were to be killed or fatally wounded during the war. Nearly all the British Army leaders of 1914 were graduates of the Staff College and no less than forty out of forty-five officers who held senior command and staff appointments in the first three months of the war: Sir John French was an exception.

NORMAN LONGMATE:

If Britain Had Fallen

276pp. BBC and Hutchinson. £2.50.

The surviving interest in the German invasion plans of 1940 is mainly psychological, relating both to the cocoon of unreality that then enfolded the nation and seems to have proved at least as effective a protection as the Channel, and now to the indignant reception some have been giving to the television programme which provides the basis for Norman Longmate's well-produced book. *If Britain had Fallen*. If the worst had happened, or should happen in the future, would such protesters be more likely to emerge as freedom-fighters or collaborators? The answer is by no means obvious, and the fact that they would regard the question as insulting is not evidence.

This account of the occupation that never happened is partly a quasi-factual structure based on what the Germans did in other occupied countries and on what they planned for us, interspersed with more frankly fictional sequences about the way things might have gone. Although Mr Longmate waves vigorous and somewhat nervous warning flags to signal which part is which, the two inevitably merge. Does it matter, since the whole exercise is a non-event? The crunch in Operation Might-Have-Been comes when the king, despite his personal desire to emulate his predecessor Alfred and lead an underground resistance, is persuaded to leave the country. Churchill dies at the barricades, obeying his own slogan by taking several with him. The Germans consolidate but fail to find a top quisling. Life of a sort goes on. The Gestapo arrive under Dr Six, the sandbags go from Trafalgar Square; so do the Nelson Column and the remaining Rembrandts in the National Gallery.

There may have been worse in store than all this—more than the occasional atrocity, more than what Mr Longmate sees as the probable fate of the Carlton, the Athenaeum and even (surprisingly) Brooks's; more than the banning of the works of Duff Cooper, E. Phillips Oppenheim, and H. G. Wells. Mr Longmate, though he has no rusty axe to grind and points no morals in his visionary reconstruction, has found it relevant to study the behaviour of the occupying forces in some of the more relatively favoured territories like Denmark and the Channel Islands. Could it be that the Germans are reserving for us the ultimate weapon of all in the hands of an intelligent conqueror, special treatment? They might have banned smoking in cinemas, but they would not have interfered with the pubs, Mr Longmate thinks. They introduced decimal currency but left their devilish decency bank holidays at Whitsun and August. Perceival is not going to control. Perceival will not have fought a visible losing battle because he was forced to direct inadequately trained army detachments for the local defence of numerous widely scattered and distant airfields, none within easy striking distance for the troops and all useless in any case since there were virtually no aircraft to use them. This attitude, which permeates the book, weakens considerably in the author's judgment.

Starting to win

ALAN WYKES:

1942: The Turning Point

194pp. Macdonald. £1.25.

Thirty years ago, Rommel and his Afrika Korps made their last thrust from Alam Halfa towards the Nile Delta barely sixty miles away. It was expected that the British command would repeat familiar desert mistakes and that their armour would again be drawn into the open and destroyed by the German 88mm anti-tank screen. Instead, the thrust was shunted and turned back by an unexpected and truly Wellingtonian defence conducted by a new commander. From the purely British point of view Alam Halfa, more than Alamein a few weeks later, might well be considered to be the precise turning-point of their war and it is interesting to look back a generation at that fateful year with the aid of Alan Wykes's book.

The phenomenon, however, was world-wide and the change of fortunes in the desert is formed only a small part of a situation in which the Axis, by then overstretched from the Mediterranean to the Pacific, from the Baltic to the Black Sea, was grinding to a halt while its opponents were beginning to recover from the effects of their unpreparedness for war and from their initial mistakes, and the great American potential was beginning to make itself felt. Stalingrad, Alamein, the Coral Sea and Midway stand out as the great decisive battles which mark this change of Allied fortunes.

Mr Wykes deals with 1942 month by month. The first four months continued the pattern of disaster to British arms which reached its lowest point with the surrender of Singapore and was relieved momentarily by the heroic and successful raid on St Nazaire. That great mistakes had up to then been made both in the conduct and execution of the war is undeniable but they stemmed largely from that time-honoured habit by which free peoples in peacetime refuse to make adequate financial or other preparation for war in contrast to military dictatorships which can gear their complete economies to preparation and planning.

Mr Wykes makes little allowance for this cogent factor and his criticism of Churchill, the British Chiefs of Staff and nearly every British commander on sea, on land or in the air is unremitting and unrestrained. Probably Churchill's greatest achievement lay in the success with which he raised and maintained the morale of the British people when their fortunes seemed bleakest and their outlook almost hopeless, when his own position had been badly shaken by continued defeat. But Mr Wykes repeatedly denies him of mere dissembling, and reserves something like a sneer for the British people's pride in standing on alone.

To most of the commanders he is less than fair. To take one example alone, it is ridiculous to describe the unfortunate General Percival as a loss. Less Montgomery and Slapper inevitable outcome of two decades of myopic parsimony and neglect by successive British governments and colonial authorities, aggravated locally by an unhappy lack of inter-service and colonial government operation beyond the powers of Percival to control. Percival will not have fought a visible losing battle because he was forced to direct inadequately trained army detachments for the local defence of numerous widely scattered and distant airfields, none within easy striking distance for the troops and all useless in any case since there were virtually no aircraft to use them. This attitude, which permeates the book, weakens considerably in the author's judgment.

Finishing it off

H. ESSAME:

The Battle for Europe 1918

216pp. Batsford. £2.70.

The First World War still exerts a strong fascination. So much has been written, and continues to be written, about it that the myths inevitably increase and establish themselves more firmly as the war recedes further into the distance and its chroniclers and commentators write from second and third-hand experience.

This author of this excellent story of the crucial battles of 1918, who has twice fought the "Battle for Europe" against the German Army, both times in a front-line capacity, is a thoughtful student of warfare with credentials for writing about it which are far from academic. In 1916 H. Essame joined a British infantry battalion in France as a second lieutenant, a commodity then considered to be expendable after a few weeks, survived the July and October battles on the Somme to be wounded in the following April, getting back to his battalion in July. It is hardly surprising, therefore, that he draws a more than usually accurate and convincing picture of the soldiers and their commanders in the armies of the British Empire, and sometimes of their allies, and the conditions in which they fought in these last and decisive days of the war.

The literature of this period, some of which General Essame agrees is of high quality, too often expressed only the views of an articulate but hyper-sensitive minority, of introspective war poets and playwrights, mostly unsuited to leading men in battle. There have also been those, he notes, who have distasted facts in support of political dogma, and ill-informed iconoclasts who strive to denigrate Douglas Haig and most of his subordinate British commanders regardless of the circumstances in which they fought and finally won battle after battle; then, as in all wars, there have been the untiring grinders of personal axes, like those wise but intolerant apostles of the tank who sometimes overstated the achievements of their own technologies. General Essame sometimes myths from the facts with judgment and an unbiased eye.

The account given here of great battles of 1918 from dorff's March offensive to breaking of the Hindenburg and the final operations of and early November is lucid and very well done emphasis is placed on personalities as matters of diagrams, is because wars "about and concepts, but it is men, technicians, computers and gists but of men". The part by men such as General Pershing and Monash also nat, as do the achievements Canadian, Australian and expeditionary forces. Among those caught up in the author awards a special pat on Australian soldier: "It would cult to deny that this army deserved by 1918 and retained a generation later" book is one of the most readable of the short histories of the war in 1918.

From Exodus to Monarchy

BENJAMIN MAZAR (Editor):

The World History of the Jewish People

Volume III: Judges

336 pp. W. H. Allen. £8.50.

The World History of the Jewish People may be described as semi-scholarly and semi-popular; and the new volume is intended to be read as one unit together with the previous volume *Patriarchs* (reviewed in the *TLS* on January 14); surveys of background and environment—languages, writing systems, military practice, and so on—contained in that volume are taken as being carried over into the present one. *Judges* covers the formation of the Hebrew nation, from Exodus to the rise of the monarchy; the contemporary situation in Canaan, during the decline of Egypt and the domination of the Philistines; and the social and cultural life of the time. There are seventeen chapters, and all are by Jewish scholars, most of them Israeli, but some American.

The historical chapters are rather than distinguished. In archaeology and in topographical knowledge they are strong. In the handling of biblical evidence, on the other hand, they show some signs of a split mind. At times they seem to attribute full value as historical evidence to quite out-of-the-way scraps of biblical text. The contributors are aware that such material is folk-memory and likely in this period to be full of legendary elements; but they still write it up as if it were in direct contact with historical reality. There is, for instance, a tradition that Israel defeated Sihon, king of the Amorites; but such a tradition lies far out on the remote edges of folk-memory. One does not doubt that some truth underlies it; but far too positive an impression is given when Benjamin Mazar takes it as a straightforward historical account of a battle "under the leadership of Moses" and describes it as "an event fraught with decisive geo-political consequences". At many points indeed the contributors do remember that biblical traditions can be both legendary and contradictory; but even so one senses a desire for harmonization, a will to reconcile conflicting traditions and somehow in the end to ensure that all of them will have been shown to be "right".

Thus the attitude to modern biblical criticism is an uncertain one. Sometimes it seems to be completely neglected; and then suddenly we find it receiving some attention. A. Malamat in his chapter on "The Period of the Judges" gives it a fairer trial than most of the others; but even he sometimes writes as if biblical criticism were not an open and diverse approach to the reading of the Bible but a unitary group of fixed opinions, "as held by biblical criticism", to quote his own words. The story of how Gideon, with a force of 300 men, selected for their mode of drinking water and armed with trumpets, torches and empty jars, routed a large force of Midianites is surely a depiction—not without some humorous tone—of divine intervention against the enemies of Israel; but it is solemnly treated by Mr Malamat as straightforward military history; taken as precise tactical description, it illustrates Gideon's "military genius" and exemplifies "the full effects of psychological warfare". One can only suppose that the passage is written for an uncritical audience.

An obvious lack is the absence of a section on *Einleitungswissenschaft*—"introduction", understood as a literary analysis of the biblical sources, intended to discover when they were written and how, and thus by implication to discover the degree of their likely historical reliability. This is in a sense what "biblical criticism" means: an analysis of the literary origins and dating of each portion of the literature must precede its evaluation as a historical source. This task as a systematic obligation is evaded; but it is still carried out, whether openly or tacitly, at a multitude of individual points, and the result is the patchwork quality already mentioned. Because literary analysis is neglected, biblical material is fitted directly into a historical framework, a framework which may be dependent equally on extra-biblical or on biblical sources. But such application of biblical material is often premature or over-direct.

The better chapters are not the historical ones but those of more social character. Such is S. E. Loewenstamm's on law, or J. Liver's on the Israelite tribal system. The latter includes a study of tribal genealogies and similar material, which is very prominent in the Bible but is commonly neglected, and the analysis of this shows distinct originality. By contrast, the article on religious culture by J. Wiener is scrappy and poorly written, sometimes obscure; one wonders at times whether this may be due to defective translation from Hebrew. H. M. Orlinsky contributes an article on "The Seer-Priest", and maintains that the difference between divination and prophecy is an absolute one; but this is hardly the balanced survey one would expect and has an air rather of polemic against some other scholarly position. E. A. Speiser's concluding essay on "The Manner of the King"—an essay presumably intended to lead on to the Hebrew Monarchy which will be the subject of the next volume—is a rather thin and ill-balanced semantic and cultural study. It argues against the thesis of a "divine kingship" in Israel, maintaining that such a kingship was peculiar to Egypt; Israel by contrast adopted the alternative Mesopotamian system, which Speiser unconvincingly describes as basically democratic". He is equally unconvincing when he argues that the Hebrew word for *king* must by its etymology and by the usage in other Semitic languages mean no more than "counsellor".

Many chapters have good notes at the end of the book; they will be appreciated by scholars, but scarcely by the general reader. The places provide attractive general illustrations, but do not seem to be integrated with the text or connected with it. All in all, then, a volume of mixed quality, designed for a readership which will be indulgent rather than critical.

Libertines or radicals?

ROBERT E. LERNER:

The Heresy of the Free Spirit in the Later Middle Ages

336 pp. University of California Press (NBC). £5.65.

The account of medieval heresy is clouded by the bias of the sources. The overwhelming majority are hostile and distorting, either in the accounts of inquisitorial processes, or are the confessions of heretics—even if genuine—which is usually impossible to discern—in the form prescribed by inquisitors' manuals, or in the often fanciful and wild reports of chroniclers. The stereotypes which resulted became self-perpetuating, enshrined in inquisitors' handbooks and methods of examination as well as in popular opinion, so that it was not long before the life of any heresy or sect became a long conformity to the preconceptions of the hostile and the ignorant. Each was endowed with numerous attributes which were used to identify and try its suspects. It is impossible to say how many people were wrongfully accused of, and condemned for, heresies which they never held. But it has become increasingly the tendency of historians to scrutinize the accusers as closely as the accused and to ask reasons why some should have been regarded as heretics in the first place.

This changed attitude is bringing a diminution both in the number involved and in the flagrancy of medieval heresy; it is seen less as the tip of an underground iceberg and more as an assorted minority who challenged the church on its own apostolic ground of living according to Christ. That has come to be generally accepted for the main high and later medieval heresies, like the Waldensians, the Hussites and the Lollards. But the heresy of the Free Spirit has continued to seem an exception to this search for a true Christian life. Robert Lerner has now attempted to explain the Free Spirit in much the same way.

On the one hand he sees the characteristic misrepresentation of inquisitors and chroniclers as responsible for the legend that the Free Spirit were pantheistic libertines who used claims to mystical perfection to emancipate themselves from all moral laws, as well as ecclesiastical authority. On the other hand he attempts to show that they were really an assortment of individuals on the radical wing of the mystical movement inspired by Eckhart who sought to pursue an apostolic life. Although a few of them can be identified with Beguines or Beghards the majority cannot. By a close examination of each of the inquisitorial processes against accused Free Spirits, and a more cursory and superficial summary of the writings both of orthodox mystics and the surviving handful of Free Spirit literature, he seeks to disprove the accusations against them. Up to a point he succeeds.

Although not so novel as he appears to believe, his conclusion that the Free Spirit was not a sect or a vast subterranean movement can be accepted without real dispute; the evidence itself is too fragmentary, and nothing pointing to a widespread organization has ever come to light. Where doubts arise is over Mr Lerner's own *parti pris*. He is so convinced that the Free Spirit never existed as they have been depicted that he has repeatedly to go beyond his own painstaking examination of the evidence to speculate why a particular accusation was brought.

That may be all right for odd cases, but to explain away a hundred years of papal and imperial decrees, and a wide variety of attacks from figures so disparate in time and place as Suso and Gerson is tantamount to denying as evidence anything which cannot be supported by facts and figures. Apart from its inherent improbability, carried to its logical extension this view would leave little of any earlier history. Moreover it is as insensitive and as ahistorical as the uncritical attitude which Mr Lerner rightly deplores in other historians. To dismiss Suso's attack on the Free Spirit as "unfairly polemical", or to explain away that of Groote by "his own sensitivity to being called a heretic himself" is to forsake their occurrence as historical events for his own stereotype of what a Free Spirit was not. To an extent that is of course unavoidable. But, just because the historian of medieval heresy is not lord of the feast but dependent upon the scraps which have been dropped, he must not fall into the opposite illusion that at the time there was nothing else to eat.

Against the Reds

RICHARD LUCKETT:

The White Generals

413pp. Longman. £3.75.

Richard Luckett has concentrated on "the White generals who are as little known as Lenin, Trotsky and Stalin are celebrated", and we are told in the next sentence that the defeat of the counter-revolution was "a direct consequence of the personalities of the White leaders".

These discouraging pronouncements seem to remove *The White Generals* from the field of serious history. Causes are not investigated, and the narrative resolves itself into a series of episodes without any coherent theme. The only figure to emerge with distinction from the drab mass is that of General Mannerheim, who alone had a positive and consistent purpose—to establish the independence of his country—and an army which knew what it was fighting for. This makes the sections on Finland the most interesting in the book; it also provides the clue to what is wrong with the rest.

These disappointments recorded, it should be said that Mr Luckett has merits as a popular writer. His style is brisk and clear, and he has an eye for a good anecdote. He will appeal to the reader who is content to remain pretty much on the surface, and is not anxious to probe into what is going on underneath or behind the scenes, and why.

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Jim the Bear

PIERS COMPTON:

Cardigan of Balaclava

256pp. Hale. £3.20.

Rigid in his respect for orders, pedantic in his attention to detail, the Earl of Cardigan became a martinet, a military perfectionist, and, in the view of one commander-in-chief who advised him to exercise more moderation and forbearance, an intolerable nuisance. Imperious in manner, unbounded in his self-confidence, highly irritable by nature, he was for much of his adult life a target for obloquy, some of it unjust, for misrepresentation, some of it deliberate, for anonymous libels, and for press campaigns — anti-Cardigan newspapers far outnumbered those which supported him. This notorious cavalry commander, who was nicknamed "Jim the Bear", persistently disregarded warnings, and remained largely impervious to hostile clamour and abuse, except when his personal courage was questioned in the long controversy over whether he had actually ridden at the head of the Light Brigade at Balaclava. No wonder Charles Greville felt constrained to write in his diary: "The world is weary of Cardigan and his fanfaronades, and of Crimean accusations and recriminations, and it is time that the subject should be allowed to drop."

Piers Compton's is the latest volume in a long line of works which have gone against Greville's wish. In portraying Lord Cardigan he has done well to produce a fair account of a man who, for all his bravery on the field of battle, remains odious in many respects, yet was not as bad as many contemporaries and several recent writers have claimed. Besides helping towards an understanding of why Cardigan was the sort of soldier and husband he became, Mr Compton seeks to clarify certain of the episodes in which Cardigan became publicly involved. The author is inevitably on the defensive, but he faces up to Cardigan's worst indiscretions and excesses, offers with varying degrees of success the popular image of a military monster, and gives us in the process a very interesting and readable book.

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Watchman, what of the dawn?

PETER WAPNEWSKI:

Die Lyrik Wolframs von Eschenbach

278pp. Munich: C. H. Beck. DM48.50.

CARL LOFMARK:

Rennewart in Wolfram's "Willehalm"

A Study of Wolfram von Eschenbach and his Sources

264pp. Cambridge University Press. £7.50.

Peter Wapnewski's edition comprises photographs of the relevant portions of four manuscripts containing songs attributed to Wolfram von Eschenbach and a diplomatic transcription of eight of these, confronted by a critical text. Footnotes show the emendations of earlier editors. Sections following each poem deal concisely with the manuscript tradition, metrical form, textual cruces and ambiguities. An interpretation and translation into modern German round off each "chapter". Finally, an essay on the role of the watchman attempts to order the dawn-songs—presumably chronologically. Appendixes give previous suggestions for ordering the songs, the distribution of dialogue and monologue, Wolfram's erotic terminology and a few random texts relating to the dawn-song tradition. A bibliography is provided by Ingrid von Tippelskirch.

Textually speaking, this is the definitive edition of the songs, and for that we must be deeply grateful to Professor Wapnewski. However, the injured polemic of the introduction substantiates Professor Wapnewski's claim to have written a "somewhat old-fashioned book" and will puzzle those unfamiliar with the contemporary German academic scene. In order to show the "relevance" of medieval German studies today—apparently as a branch of anthropology—*Die Lyrik Wolframs von Eschenbach* attempts to steer a course between "arcane scholarship" and "naive popularization". If it fails in this, this is largely because it is written in a baroque journalese, festooned with loan-words and tricked out with political jargon. This, alas, is no radical tongue-in-chic but is to be taken straight. By comparison Lachmann's editions are less esoteric than Professor Wapnewski would have us believe.

Although scholars will welcome the original text and the detailed discussion of it, the critical text at times departs from the rigorous editorial stance adopted. Facts are sometimes wrong; there is a lack of familiarity with Olive Sayce's edition, while her interpretation of song No 7 line 4, though the most plausible, is not mentioned. The strong, uninflected form of the adjective *sliezin* would be *sliez*, not *sliez*". For "Stollenvers" (page 203) one ought presumably to read *Abgesangsvers*.

In the interpretations the different critical positions are clearly outlined. Nevertheless, more cohesion and direction would have been given to the appreciation of the dawn-songs had the essay on the watchman been placed at the beginning of the book. Two views which have conditioned Professor Wapnewski's approach throughout also belong there:

> Wolfram takes issue with the classical *Minnesang* denouncing both the artistic means and the ostensibly educative ends served by it.

Wolfram, recognizing the potential of the *Tagelied*, is sceptical with regard to an element of unreality [" ein Moment des Unwahren "] and, while he perfects the genre, at the same time he brings it to an end.

Both statements appear to place the author's intention in the foreground, and one suspects that this has contributed to some wild speculation. Thus, in "Ursprüne bluomen" (No 7), we find inferences about Wolfram's attitudes and relationship with Gottfried von Strassburg, which come close to the "biographical fallacy". Here Professor Wapnewski surely underestimates the formulaic nature of his material. Even those who believe that Gottfried does refer to Wolfram in the so-called "literary excursus" will have their credulity stretched by the invitation to see in lines 4816ff of *Tristan* a gesture of partial reconciliation by a Gottfried using "his rival's formulation" to express "solidarity" with Wolfram's supposedly sceptical view of the *Minnesang*.

Elsewhere interesting views are spoilt by hyperbole. The famous song "Der helden minne ir klage . . ." (No 5) is shown to be at once a parody of the dawn-song in general and a self-contained parody, with stanza two debunking stanza one. Fair enough, but to describe the juxtaposing of the two strophes as "that herostratic act" is excessive: to question the genre dawn-song is not necessarily to destroy it—nor was it destroyed. Some needless pontification on the unpoetic nature of matrimony is doubtless an over-reaction against the old, moralistic approach to this song.

Carl Lofmark is not concerned about "relevance" but sees the scholar as a seeker after truth who must explain the literature of a distant past and describe the intellectual and emotional life which that literature expresses, however foreign it may be to modern taste and experience.

He regards the medieval translator as at the same time an interpreter of his source material and adopts therefore a comparative and historical approach to Wolfram's *Willehalm*.

First the Rainouart-Rennewart figure is examined as he appears in the French *chansons de geste* and his origins are discussed. Chapter two deals with Wolfram's treatment of his source, which Mr Lofmark believes to have been a version close to that found in the fourteenth century Venice manuscript known as "M". Having shown how Wolfram remains more faithful to the matter of his source than recent critics allow, Mr Lofmark focuses his attention on Rennewart and his development and "education" at the hands of Alyze, Willehalm and Gyburg. In chapter four Rennewart's significance for the Christian-Saracen polemic is brought out, and a good case advanced for seeing in him both the cause of the ultimate Christian success and the mediator between the two worlds. The fifth and final chapter neatly summarizes most of the main points in a discussion whether *Willehalm* is complete or fragmentary. Mr Lofmark opines that it is indeed a fragment and supplies a plausible outline of Wolfram's possible conclusion.

There must be reservations about the thesis that Rainouart derives from folk or fairy-tales. The fairy tale is a late genre in so far as our knowledge about it is late; it is clear that medieval heroic and courtly traditions have influenced it perhaps as much as it has influenced them. This read [illegible] tract from Mr Lofmark's re[illegible] that "Rainouart appears [illegible] taken his action from the C[illegible] ter himself that we need to [illegible] independent source". We s[illegible] not know what that source [illegible]

Regarding Wolfram's *Willehalm* Mr Lofmark [illegible] were known and were identic[illegible] manuscript "M". In fact, [illegible] than confronting Wolfram [illegible] and its source, he is compa[illegible] close versions of the same s[illegible] bringing out differences of [illegible] sis. Since these differences [illegible] phasis appear in Wolfram's [illegible] particularly to affect [illegible] this study opens up new [illegible] tives. Rennewart no longer [illegible] as an excrescence or even [illegible] ruissment.

His development (in the [illegible] "revelation of a person's [illegible] nature") was perhaps to o[illegible] in his marriage to Alyze [illegible] Christian-Saracen recon[illegible] Such a conclusion is [illegible] careful textual analysis and [illegible] ter-study to be in keeping [illegible] toning-down of the crude [illegible] lesque features found in the [illegible] mart of other versions.

Many facts and views in [illegible] *wart in Wolfram's "Willehalm"* especially in the first two [illegible] are not new but here [illegible] comprehensively and clear[illegible] sented in support of a [illegible] argued hypothesis. It is a [illegible] of Mr Lofmark's success [illegible] modest diachronic and compar[illegible] approach to this poem resul[illegible] coherent interpretation of the *Willehalm* as a whole which [illegible] to appreciate the artistic dig[illegible] his material which Wolfram [illegible] have carried out, here, as in *Parzival*.

Art

RICHTER, GISELA M. A. *The Sculpture and Sculptors of the Greeks.* 317 pp plus 853 plates. Yale University Press. £15.75.

This is the fourth edition of Miss Richter's immensely useful, factual, and sensible account of Greek sculpture. The chief reorganization has been in the Hellenistic section, which includes her later views on copyists and an interesting claim that both the Laokoon and the Sperlonga figures are originals of the second century BC. But a number of new objects are included and new bibliography has been added in the footnotes. Some of the old blocks are getting rather worn.

Biography and Memoirs

SCADUTO, ANTHONY. *Bob Dylan.* 280pp. W. H. Allen. £2.50.

Of the popular songwriters and composers who came to prominence during the 1960s, Bob Dylan was arguably the most significant yet most elusive; and his saga—from minor country folk artist to international cult hero—is worth telling.

In his "intimate biography" Anthony Scaduto has chosen the well tried technique in this kind of writing of taping interviews with friends, associates (and some enemies) and embedding them in a chronological framework, together with a modicum of critical analysis. Some aspects—notably Dylan's early musical influences and the back-stage frenzy by which superstars are sometimes overwhelmed—are well handled and Mr Scaduto is a fluent writer.

But much is tedious; too many of the interviews are repetitive and fail to contribute to a large perspective; there are too many superlatives and false comparisons. (Does it really help to place Dylan next to James Dean, Blake and some unnamed "Eastern philosophers"?) Ironically, the concentration on "intimacy" actually hinders illumination of the very private imagery in the songs.

With the trove of material that he collected, Mr Scaduto could have said much more about his subject's evolution as a musician and composer. As it is, this is an interesting topic which still awaits discussion.

History

MOLHO, ANTHONY. *Florentine Public Finances in the Early Renaissance, 1400-1433.* 234pp. Harvard University Press. London: Oxford University Press. £5.25.

The essence of this stimulating monograph, which is firmly based on archival material in Florence, is a consideration of how the Florentine government in the decade from 1423 faced progressively acute financial difficulties. The implications are broader than might appear, as the fiscal machinery that evolved during the decade remained in operation for many subsequent years. Another important, if less obvious, consequence was the ascendancy in the decade of the Medici as bankers, and the resultant achievement of political power by Cosimo in 1434. Rather marred by hasty compilation, the more serious weakness is the lack of a chapter which explains clearly the archival sources vis-à-vis the fiscal administration, and which reveals precisely the nature and reliability of the statistics that the author delights in tabulating.

NIZAMI, K. A. (Editor). *Medieval India.* A Miscellany Volume 2. 346pp. Asia Publishing House. £3.50.

As is perhaps inevitable, the individual papers in this volume vary a good deal in merit as well as in length. The two criteria do not always coincide: for example the extremely valuable study of the Indian road system as described by Al-Biruni compresses an immense amount of painstaking research within the compass of a single double-page map. Among the best of a number of very good papers is the detailed study of the socio-religious outlook of Abul Fazl, which must rank as essential reading for any student of Akbar's reign. Another useful piece of research bearing upon the same reign is a careful analysis of the causes and incidents of the numerous rebellions with which the monarchy was faced. Several papers deal with trade and commerce during the Mughal period; while in more modern times, the curious affair of Lord Auckland's suppression of information concerning the Secret Committee's decision to abrogate the 1837 treaty with the King of Awadh is illuminated. The review section directs attention to Dr Gopi Nath Sharma's very important researches into the history of Rajasthan, which are indispensable for the correction of a good deal of what Tod wrote, but are too little known in Europe. In short, this is an excellent volume, in which many students of medieval India will find valuable information not previously available.

Literature and Criticism

VALERY PAUL. *Leonardo, Poe, Mallarmé.* Translated by Malcolm Cowley and James R. Lawler. 463pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £5.25.

The appearance of a translation of Valéry's essays on Leonardo, Poe and Mallarmé highlights for English readers this corpus of writing which, spread over many years, contains some of his most characteristic ideas. Interested primarily in the functioning of the creative mind, Valéry creates out of Leonardo a model for the universal super-intellect. Poe owes his appearance mainly to his influence on Baudelaire, although Valéry treats him with that same reverential attitude which is always somewhat astonishing to the Anglo-Saxon mind. Mallarmé of course was a great friend as well as master, and in his writings about him and in his letters one has the opportunity of seeing Valéry as a warm and affectionate human being. Inevitably no translation could do total justice to the suggestiveness of this dense and lucid prose. Generally the standard of these versions by different hands is high, although sometimes it seems that too many words are being used in order to capture the many nuances. Those by James Lawler come nearest to reproducing the authentic ring of Valéry's inimitable style. This is an important and successful addition to the series of translations of the collected works.

Local History

CAMP, JOHN. *Portrait of Buckinghamshire.* 240pp. Hale. £2[illegible]

Buckinghamshire is to county's first new city, Milton [illegible] a name which today belongs [illegible] of its smallest hamlets; [illegible] which suggests to John Ca[illegible] some planner had a wry [illegible] humour. But the author's [illegible] in the past and present, [illegible] people who have influenced [illegible] inghamshire life. He writes [illegible] Disraeli at Hughenden Manor [illegible] lingers over the church [illegible] Langley—traditionally [illegible] Milton—and beside the [illegible] Dutchet to the Elizabethan [illegible] priurer Christopher Barker, [illegible] son Robert's bequest from the [illegible] its of black-letter Bibles still [illegible] to maintain the church and [illegible] paths. Mr Camp is an agre[illegible] guide through his county, but [illegible] perhaps have provided a better [illegible] to include all the villages [illegible] cribes.

GAUNT, ARTHUR. *It's Odd—It's Devon.* 123pp. Newcastle [illegible] Tyne: Frank Graham. £2.[illegible]

Quaint characters, curious [illegible] attached to byways of [illegible] towering mill chimneys and [illegible] cal inscriptions all come within [illegible] scope of the author's hobby [illegible] collector of oddities. His [illegible] often illustrated by his own [illegible] graphs, will interest his [illegible] Yorkshiremen and perhaps [illegible] many such trifles are being [illegible] away. Will induce others to [illegible] similar collections for their [illegible] regions.

HOLDSWORTH, C. J. (Editor). *Rufford Charters.* Volume 1. 156pp. Thoroton Society, Nottingham: Thoroton Society. Distributed by Phillimore. £5 to members).

Rufford was one of the [illegible] monasteries, an offshoot of [illegible] wants, and was founded in the [illegible] of Stephen. Yet an unusually [illegible] quantity of its documents [illegible] vived, an accident which, as [illegible] Holdsworth suggests, may be [illegible] to the fact that the estate [illegible] broken up at the Dissolution [illegible] granted entire. At any rate, [illegible] than 500 of Rufford's original [illegible] ters remain, while a further [illegible] loan to the British Museum [illegible] copies of 500 more. In addition [illegible] three intended volumes that [illegible]

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Allen M. Samuels.
...King's College, Cambridge.

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Glyndwr Williams.
...partment of History, Queen ...ary College, Mile End Road, ...London E1 4NS.

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...[illegible] Hawthorn Avenue, Glencoe, ...Illinois 60022, USA.

Rawdon Briggs Lee, nineteenth-century writer of dog-books: any information, documents, photographs, manuscripts, for a biography.
Clifford Hubbard.
Englemont, Bakewell, Derbyshire.

Duke Charles of Brunswick, 1804-73, notorious millionaire eccentric who lived in London from the early 1830s to 1851 when he returned to France (by balloon): any information, letters, portraits, etc, for a biography.
J. Bryan, III.
Brook Hill, Richmond, Virginia 23227, USA.

Madison Julius Cawein, 1865-1914, American nature poet, whose *Kentucky Poems* (London, Grant Richards, 1902) Edmund Gosse introduced and championed: any information, letters, reminiscences, etc, for a study of his life and work.
Madeline C. Covi.
1010 Monmouth Avenue, Durham, North Carolina 27701, USA.

"The Children of the Chapel stript and whipt", an anonymous Elizabethan tract: information concerning its whereabouts.
C. J. Bradbury Robinson.
Earls Farm, Compton Martin, near Bristol.

Lord Constantine: information or material, for a biography.
G. M. D. Howat.
Culham College, Nuneham Park, Oxford.

C. Day-Lewis, the late Poet Laureate: any relevant letters or papers, written or verbal reminiscences, for a biography.
Sean Day-Lewis.
38 Caithness Road, London W14 0JA.

Epitaphs: any unusual or amusing epitaphs (e.g. "She sleeps alone at last", for a certain vivacious actress): for a book.
Frank Foster.
54 Gayton Road, London NW3.

George Faulkner, eighteenth-century Irish printer and bookseller: contact wanted with owners of editions of the 1725-75 period, or a transcription of the title page,

enthusiast, to whom all these numbers are an historical index since they represent the rich variety of steam locomotive power owned by the four great independent companies, the LMS, the GWR, the LNER and the SR at the time when they were submerged by nationalization. Admittedly there are some old bangers here but also some truly splendid machines with perhaps 500,000 miles on the clock and still in good running order. All but a handful are gone.

WHEATLEY, ROBERT and BRUCE. *The Last Days of Steam on Australia's Railways.* Angus and Robertson. £1.80.

The brothers Wheatley travelled all over New South Wales in their search for shots of steam locomotives in action which would give a true impression of the railways of yesterday. They have avoided too many conventional pictures (the crack express done up to the nines rounding a shallow curve) and have rightly gone for the shots of character, the old freight train grinding along in near desert country; the locomotive shed at night; the guard seated by his stove in the brake van; the driver looking forward from his cab; locomotives simmering in a depot—all of which conjure up vividly the Australian railway scene.

Social Studies

MUSGRAVE, BEATRICE and WHEELER-BENNETT, JOAN (Editors). *Women at Work.* Combining Family with a Career. 156pp. Peter Owen. £2.50.

This volume includes some comforting essays and an address book for the woman who already has some educational qualifications and wants to return to work when her children start school. Most of the women at whom the book is aimed could find the addresses themselves and find the comfort within the pages of the posh Sundays. Nor is the survey particularly illuminating in its sketches by various hands on the possibilities offered by medicine, teaching, social and voluntary work. The valid point that emerges is that the more a woman did before her nesting years the easier it is for her to fly high once her chicks are reared. The obvious moral is to press for better basic educational opportunities for girls and to encourage girls to be more ambitious in the choice of what they do on leaving school.

SUBRAMANIAM, V. *Social Background of India's Administrators.* 180pp. New Delhi: Publications Division, Ministry of Information and Broadcasting. Rs 12.

This very competent sociological study, fully equipped as it is with "computerized" data, analytical and statistical tables, is based upon evidence accumulated by V. Subramaniam, an instructor of Civil Service recruits at the National Academy of Administration in Mussoorie. All these recruits had successfully passed the stringent tests imposed by the Civil Service Commission for selection to the higher Civil Services; they were, in fact, a "hand-picked" group. From what kind of background did they come? What sort of people were their parents? What was their economic position? Information of this type is not easy to come by; much of it is necessarily classified as confidential; yet without it, no sound judgment can be reached about the ethos of the men and women who form the backbone of India's administrative structure and international connexions. In the course of his investigation, the author touches on a number of questions of general interest connected with the composition and function of the Civil Services in a modern state. Ought a country to aim solely at recruiting an elite of talent? Or should it temper this aim by an element of class-representation, even at the cost of some efficiency? Does it really matter if a higher Civil Service tends to become almost a preserve of the urban middle and professional classes? Mr Subramaniam's own judgment is that any drastic changes in the present methods of recruitment current in India today would produce more harm than good although there is room, perhaps, for cautious, controlled experiment to seek a rather broader basis. This is a first-rate book.

Travel and Topography

DAS, DEBESH. *The Vanishing Maharajas.* 230pp. Delhi: Chand. Rs 25.

In public life, Debesh Das is among the most honoured of present day Bengali men of letters; he has been elected President of the All-Bengali Literary Conference every year for the past eighteen years. In private life he is a member of the Indian Civil Service—one of the "last of the few", as it were—occupying in Delhi the extremely high post of a Secretary to Government; which would in Britain be called the Permanent Head of a Department. This unusual combination could only have been achieved by an unusual man; and Debesh Das is not afraid to import into his travels into Rajasthan something of a poet's nostalgia for the great days of Rajput chivalry.

When Debesh Das visited Jodhpur, Jaipur and Udaipur, he was received as an honoured guest and the scenes which he saw, the people whom he met, are described with all the force and eloquence of poetic imagery. This book, written in beautiful language by a master of the English tongue, should be read by anyone planning to visit Rajasthan for the first time; it captures, as no guidebook could do, the very spirit and essence of a noble heritage which will survive "the Vanishing Maharajas" who were for so long its custodians. To embody it, as Debesh Das and his colleagues in the realm of letters are doing, into the cultural fabric of the New India is a worthy task indeed.

HOLTORF, GUNTER, W. *Hong Kong—World of Contrasts.* 176pp including unnumbered plates. Hale. £6.

Eight-eight full-page photographs, most of them up to the best colour supplement standards, have the advantage of those weeklies in being reproduced on good paper. They are accompanied by captions rather below colour supplement standard and also information about whether the volume contained a publisher's catalogue, for a checklist.
Robert E. Ward.
Department of English, Western Kentucky University, Bowling Green, Kentucky, USA.

Fergaz Fergar (also spelt Felysz Fargar), 1940s literatus, editor of "surrealist" periodicals *Fulcrum* and *Dint*: contact with Mr Fergar required to obtain permission to examine microfilm copies of these periodicals in the BM, for a study of surrealism in the 1940s.
Rob Jackman.
English Department, University of Canterbury, Christchurch 1, New Zealand.

Henry Fielding remarks in *Joseph Andrews* (Book 1, chapter xvii) that Parson Barnabus "loved sermons no more than a grocer loves figs": information about the aversion of eighteenth-century grocers to this fruit.
A. R. Humphreys.
Department of English, University of Leicester, Leicester LE1 7RH.

Eleanor Fortescue-Brickdale, 1872-1945: whereabouts of oil paintings, water-colours and drawings, especially in pen and indian ink, in connexion with a forthcoming exhibition.
G. L. Taylor.
Department of Western Art, The Ashmolean Museum, Oxford OX1 2PH.

Jonas Hanway, 1712-86: any letters or unpublished information, for a biography.
James S. Taylor.
Institute of Historical Research, Senate House, London WC1E 7HU.

Nathaniel Hawthorne: unpublished correspondence, diaries and documents relevant to his assignment as American consul to Liverpool and Manchester from 1853-57, especially documentation pertaining to Henry A. Bright and other friends of the American consul.
James Mayo.
Westbury, Burley, Ringwood, Hants.

Battle of Jutland, May 1916: contact with anyone who has first-hand experience of the battle, also whereabouts of any relevant unpublished documents or photographs, for a book.
Robert Church.
32 Dorrington Court, 260 South Norwood Hill, London SE25 6BE.

Kaiser Franz Josef's Land: whereabouts of any documents, maps, paintings, etc, concerning its discovery by Julius von Payer and Carl Weyprecht, for the centenary to be celebrated in Vienna next year.
G. Bamann.
Tallesbrunngasse 8, A 1190 (Vienna XIX), Austria.

Henry Marten, 1602-80, republican and regicide: whereabouts of papers or portraits, for a biography.
C. M. Williams.
Balliol College, Oxford.

F. O. Matthiessen, 1902-50, Harvard Professor of History and Literature: any letters, documents or reminiscences, especially those relevant to his period in England (1923-25) while a Rhodes Scholar at New College, Oxford.
George Abbot White.
12 Channing Street, Newton, Massachusetts 02158, USA.

Rev James Miller, 1704-44, poet and playwright: any information, for a biography and critical study.
Paula O'Brien.
202 Alexandra Park Road, London N22.

James Robinson Planché, 1796-1880: any information on private papers or material on his theatrical career, for a thesis.
Catherine Roberts.
43 West Square, London, SE11.

Bogdan Popovic, Serbian critic and Academic: any papers or letters relevant to his visits to England.
Mrs M. Petkovic.
Serbian Academy of Sciences and Arts, Knez Mihajlova 35, Belgrade, Yugoslavia.

Richard Rich, author of first poem written in English on the North American continent, thought to have been husband of Robert, Second Baron Rich: any biographical information.
Henry M. Meacham.
Academy of American Poets, 350 North Boulevard, Petersburg, Virginia 23803, USA.

William Pitt Scargill, 1787-1836, minor novelist and Minister of Churchgate Street Chapel, Bury St Edmunds: whereabouts of any manuscript material by or about him.
G. V. M. Heap.
25 Sadler Street, Wells, Somerset, BA5 2RZ.

Souvenirs of British resorts 1800-1939: whereabouts of records relating to manufacture and retailing of souvenirs other than those of special exhibitions, occasions or persons and excluding postcards, books of views and similar printed material; names of continental manufacturers particularly sought; the first use of the phrase "A present from . . ." and literary contexts for its use pre-1880, for a study.
L. S. Garrad.
The Manx Museum, 21 Victoria Road, Castletown, Isle of Man.

The Spanish Civil War: poems, essays, fiction or letters written in English about the war, for an anthology.
Murray A. Sperber.
Department of English, Ballantine Hall, Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana 47401, USA.

Thomas Stothard, 1755-1834: letters, diaries, whereabouts of drawings and paintings, and other information.
Giles Mitchell.
15 Redcliffe Road, Nottingham.

George V. Wigram: whereabouts of a copy of his *A Protest against the National Establishment of England, c* 1830-31, printed in Oxford or Ireland.
J. C. F. Stuart.
Chalet Fatima, 1885 Chesières, Switzerland.

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